THE COMMONWEAL

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"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

THE broadcasting wireless station of the Paulist Fathers, under the auspices of the Paulist League, now in process of construction, brings an element into the work of religion, the importance of which can scarcely be overestimated; since these good tidings from the air will reach thousands of all classes and conditions, and of every shade of opinion.

No organization is better equipped to stand back of this important innovation than the Paulist Fathers, known throughout the United States and Europe for their missionary zeal and their understanding of the peculiar problems of Protestants, gained through many years of faithful and illuminated effort in behalf of those outside of the Church.

But there is another aspect of the problem of presenting Catholicism to the United States which relates not to any religious order, nor even to the priesthood, but to the spiritual broadcasting possible to the members of the Catholic laity themselves. Against them as a body—there have always been brilliant individual exceptions—must be brought the charge that their indifference to the fate of the Protestant world has kept them not only from a wholesome contact with their separated brethren, but from that friendly understanding of them without which missionary efforts of the priesthood will be largely in vain. On the laity primarily rests the responsibility for the enlightenment of the Protestant as to the true nature of Catholicism.

But a right understanding of the Protestant and his needs is a necessary preliminary to such missionary work. A builder cannot issue specifications for the lighting and warming of a house if he knows nothing of its locality, its orientation, the number of its rooms and the peculiar requirements of its owners. The House of Protestantism has been unregarded for generations by far too many Catholics, with the result that certain misconceptions of its occupants have been handed down and accepted as a matter of course by good and sincere people, too religiously self-absorbed or too indifferent to consider the stranger beyond their gates.

The blame, however, rests not wholly with the Catholic. The confusions of Protestantism—especially since the beginning of the twentieth century—have been almost prohibitive—even to missionary specialists like the Paulist Fathers—of a full and clear understanding of their harassed and uncertain state; which to the average Catholic is so much abacadabra;

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and logically opens Protestants to erroneous and uncharitable judgments, not only by Catholics, but by out-and-out unbelievers.

Not so many years ago the Protestant bodies held a semblance of order in their doctrine and discipline, but the current which flowed from the activities of Luther and Calvin—all that was valuable in it taken bodily from Catholicism—has now become dispersed into eddies; into backwaters of strange sects, as remote from the main stream as the Syrian Christians of St. Thomas, stranded for 1,000 years on the west coast of India, into individual speculations—those broodings on the infinite, which like little dark pools, reflect whole skies of sadness.

Methodism, itself the result of an evangelical movement within the then half-frozen Church of England, has kept its shape better than Presbyterianism; or has at least been freer from insurgence within the family. This is true largely because Methodism enfolds a warmer, more heart-satisfying gospel than Calvin's "glad tidings of damnation," over which the Fundamentalists are still keeping guard, not realizing that brimstone and sulphur are non-explosive; and that this active and rebellious generation is quite ready to furnish its own dynamite independent of aid from Geneva's theologian.

The Baptists—always a kindly people possessed of a good deal of downright common sense—have produced their Randalls and their Fosdicks, but they keep their family affairs within bounds, although it is rumored—"alleged" as the cautious newspaper reporter puts it—that recently they did ask for the resignation of a professor in one of their colleges for spreading the information that the Baptist Church was not founded by St. John the Baptist!

The Episcopalians have their William Norman Guthrie, a veritable Scourge of God, in their midst, a man, for all the contradictory rumors about him, seeking a Catholic, not a Protestant, road for the feet of the church of his birth. They have their Bishop Brown, upon whom the platitudes of the higher criticism broke late in his life with the effect of a new gospel. They have—for the further confusion of the Catholic onlooker—their churches of St. Mary the Virgin and St. Ignatius.

Outside these prominent bodies, the gentle Unitarians go musing on their way with the charitable and intellectual Congregationalists—each congregation free to follow its own devices. Beyond the debatable land where theology expires in the arms of ethics, spreads the country of the Gargantuans and the Lilliputians—the Christian Scientists, out-humanizing humanity with large and clumsy, though sometimes helpful, powers; and the sects that belittle humanity, dragging it back to small holes and caves of parochial speculation.

Little wonder that the average Catholic layman, hearing rumors of these phenomena in the safety of his own well-ordered home, is likely to fall into misconceptions or errors of judgment concerning the members of these various Protestant bodies; or the unplaced people known generally as "non-Catholics." The most common injustice of Catholics toward Protestants—and of course of Protestants towards Catholics—is the condemnation of the Protestant because he is a Protestant. Few people pause to consider that they are Catholics or Baptists or Mormons largely because their parents were, and not primarily because they have thought and prayed out the matter for themselves, reanimating their inheritance by their personal reaction of faith and understanding towards it. Bigotry—that hardening of the religious arteries—is unfortunately limited to no body of Christians—or non-Christians—being always endemic in the world; and of late years the Protestants, through such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan, have opened themselves far more than Catholics to the charge of bigotry, being as a body far more conscious of Catholics, than in the main Catholics are of them. The average Catholic's misconceptions of his separated brethren spring from indifference rather than bigotry, since he is not as a rule interested enough in the Protestant to study him. If bigotry has too many eyes, indifference has no eyes at all.

Protestants resent keenly this indifference of Catholics, since most people—and it is a sound psychology—would rather be disliked than ignored. Rather than admit the humiliating fact that he is overlooked by his Catholic brother, the Protestant frequently attributes to him fictitious activities—he is plotting to subvert the Protestant world—or to overthrow the government, or what you will. If the Ku Klux Klan only realized how indifferent the majority of Catholics are to Protestants, they would lay aside their mummeries forever and go home to breakfast.

Would that the Protestant's charge against the Catholic were true! What noble advances in spiritual sympathy and in missionary effort Catholics would make, if departing from the negations of indifference they would only think long enough about converting Protestants to study them as representatives of a peculiar psychology; the fruit of generations of individual wrestlings with the supreme questions.

Whatever the form of the revolt, the cause must be kept in mind by the Catholic who is sympathetically awake to the needs of his Protestant brother—non-Catholic or agnostic. And it is well to remember that the wanderer may have his own sacraments of pain and longing for a lost inheritance: may possess his own virtues of honest doubt. The sincere searcher may be indeed in a more active spiritual state than the Catholic who has complacently and mechanically accepted his great inheritance, congratulated himself that he was not as those blind outsiders, and has gone on his way without a word of thanks to the Church or a glance of sympathy towards the lonely and bewildered creature lost in the wilderness of revolt against a long-ago Revolt.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

A FAIRLY considerable portion of the American public has been somewhat critical of what seemed to be unnecessary harshness in our government's reaffirmation of our official stand on war debts. The President's words on the subject of the French debt were set down by some as hasty and inconsiderate, a natural result of his inexperience in foreign affairs. Congress was roundly condemned without extenuating circumstances, as is our custom and privilege. As a matter of fact the President does not bear in Europe the reputation of being a man unskilled in foreign affairs. On the other side he passes in the opinion of those who have had to deal with him for an unusually clear-headed, far-sighted and tenacious diplomat, very wide awake indeed to America's position in the world in all its complexities—and exceptionally well advised. On the other side also it is of current knowledge that for years past, cancellation of war debts has been a topic as absorbing among all classes of men on the continent as cross word puzzles are among our own. The consensus of opinion is, as Benito Mussolini put it to the Italian Senate just over two years ago, that such cancellation would be "most just, from the point of view of strict and absolute morality," regretting that "the principles and criteria of absolute morality do not yet guide relations between nations."

IN France there is a formidable opinion, quite capable of causing the downfall of the present government, in favor of repudiation by just the means that "restored Germany's prosperity." To very many Frenchmen, Germany's policy has been a deliberate, cynical, clever and highly successful utilization of every element leading to national bankruptcy which has resulted in the extinction of private debts and united action by Germany's enemies to set her on her feet. A dangerously large number of Frenchmen see no earthly reward of virtue in the matter of war debts, and see no reason at all to struggle on for generations under such a burden when Germany, in spite of reparations "is on the road to recovery." Since this opinion exists all over Europe, and particularly in France, it is not inconceivable that the President had heard of it; he may even have assumed when he spoke, that other Americans had heard of it and would understand what he was talking about. Certainly he was not misunderstood in Europe.

ORGANIZATIONS like the Foreign Policy Association (to cite one of many of equal value) do an excellent informative work through non-partisan staging of debates upon current international questions, between persons of the nationalities chiefly concerned before American audiences. They are drawing forth an ever increasing body of Americans of every shade of domestic political opinion, who are beginning to take interest in the fact that what touches Europe fundamentally will also, sooner or later touch America perceptibly; out of this ever spreading interest will grow eventually a sober body of public opinion concerning such matters considered internationally rather than as purely foreign—that is to say, considered in their possible bearing on ourselves. These weekly debates do also serve, however, to illustrate our unripeness, the theoretical and practically inexperienced point of view of so many of our "authorities," writers and speakers on these subjects.

AMERICA has had sons who have gained in foreign countries the practical experience upon which international policies are based, but principally at a time when there was no public interest in such matters. It is probably forgotten or not known that Americans have formed part of the governments of Japan, of Korea, have acted as advisers in China, Siam, Egypt, and have contributed beneficially to the development of those countries. In the Philippines, in Cuba and in Porto Rico we have had some great administrators, at all points the equals of England's great pro-consuls. Whatever the profit to our executive governmental policies, they have influenced public opinion in the strictest sense, very little if at all, for they have not sought publicity.

A RECENT debate in Philadelphia on British policy in Egypt brought forth strikingly the curiously impractical side of some American thinking. The debate ran between a British-Egyptian Major General, an Egyptian Nationalist and an American "authority" on Near Eastern questions. In American audiences of such a

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character there is always a percentage of hearers, who, if not hostile to anything and everything emanating from Great Britain, are at least humorously tolerant of the heckling of any British protagonist of his government's policies. There is also a percentage of eminently respectable believers in the inherent right of every national group to complete self expression, to the right to work out its destinies in its own way, without interference. This group probably comes nearer to average representative American public opinion than any other. It is based upon our own fundamental aspirations, and upon our isolation for generations after our national safety had been accomplished and so fortified by economic and military success that it would be a rash or desperate nation that attacked us. This fundamental aspiration is much overlaid—irrespective of political party creed—by the doctrine of self determination, wrenched from its context as was the irrelevant but damning phrase, "too proud to fight." Individual Americans drawn in recent years into European councils display a combination of idealism and hard-headed practical shrewdness which have gone far to reëstablish the basis of confidence between nations. But these individuals have been unhampered by any direct influence of American public opinion in the making. At home, official action is so exposed to insistent, idealistic but inexpert opinion that one marvels at the steady accomplishment of American diplomacy.

THERE was something truly pathetic about the address of Mrs. H. H. McClure, the "National War Mother" of Kansas, to a group of New York war mothers in session at the Hotel Astor, the other day, when she made a plea for the home. She asked her hearers to help create an interest in domesticity. "We are getting away from home life," she said, "our greatest mission is in getting back to it and in creating a better understanding between parents and children." Unhappily her statement of fact is for the moment true. Home life has temporarily lost much of its interest, much of its appeal to tens of thousands of our people, young and old. The lapse in home instinct, home training and home enjoyment is an evil in itself, and the main cause of some of the public nuisances and dangers characteristic of our daily life—the flapper and the tough, the adventuress and the hold-up man. It is the duty not only of war mothers, but of all mothers, and fathers, to exercise all their gifts for the restoration of true family life.

BUT it is futile to ignore the mechanical conditions which render home making and living next door to impossible for multitudes of people in New York. All over the country, especially in the cities, residences of any sort have become scarce and expensive to an all but prohibitive degree. In New York, where the condition is at its worst, the Tenement House Department announces that there is an abundance of apartments for the rich and the well-to-do, but the needs of the workers, the wage earners, have been neglected by promoters and builders. Common experience indicates that, so far as real homes are concerned, the shortage goes a step or two higher in the social or economic scale. People of the "white collar" class of moderate means can, indeed, get two or three rooms—with kitchenette—for the old time price of six or seven. But how can a family circle be formed or a home conducted in bachelor quarters?

WHAT is to be done? Building materials are high and wages out of sight. Houses cannot be built to rent at low or moderate rates under present conditions, we are told. Against this theory is the fact that one of the great insurance companies has just put up a block of workers' apartments to rent profitably at $9.00 a room per month. Inspection of new houses will often show that much money is put into decorations which are tawdrily conventional and into freak conveniences, which seldom stay long in working order. If some regard were paid to plain substantial meeting of real needs, it is likely that dwellings could be provided for which people of middling means and less could afford to pay, and in which they could once again live home lives as well as merely eat and sleep. But until residences are developed into some sort of competition with cabarets, appeals like that of Mrs. McClure will have too great a handicap to overcome for entire success.

THE Italian government has seen a light, and now everything possible is being done to attract Holy Year pilgrims to Rome. Even the passport requirement is to be raised when the visitors can show credentials from their home church authorities. Further, in order to prevent hotel gouging, the proprietors are required to post their standard rates for the information of guests and are forbidden to raise them without government permission. As for passports, it will in all cases be better for Americans to secure them before sailing; they are useful in returning to the United States; but perhaps the expense and loss of time required for an Italian visa may be avoided.

AT the same time the French Chamber of Deputies is vexatiously, and it would seem foolishly, contriving a new expense for tourists. Hereafter an identity card is to be required by every foreigner who remains more than two weeks in the country. It is to cost 60 francs when first issued, something over $3.00 in American money; but if renewed, as it must be after three years, the fee is to be 200 francs, or about $11.00 at present rates of exchange. The argument in defense of the charge is that it will compel foreign visitors to pay a share of the expense of the government, whose protection they enjoy. This is specious, but it must be remembered that the tourists bring billions of

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francs into France every year, which, flitting through the hands of French hotel-keepers, railroads and business men pay their due share of tax to the French government besides enriching the population. Plainly, anything which tends even slightly to check tourists is a detriment to the business of the country and a loss to its treasury.

INTOLERANCE grows by what it feeds upon. By the time these words are in print, the anti-tobacco forces will have concentrated heavily in the national capital, and the putsch on nicotine in every form will be well under way. A preliminary summons it is true, calls for "millions of men and millions of dollars" as the first objective. But reformers are quick workers, Congress docile, and the reprieve likely to be brief. Probably two, or at most three, years will pass before a new hiatus will have been created in American social habits and a new amendment added to the Constitution. The Rich Mellow Fragrance and Exquisite Aroma once Endorsed by Discriminating Smokers—will have become legends as wild and incredible as the horseman in scarlet who once waved a bottle above his silk topper, inviting the world to the Gentleman's Whisky. The fellow who knows a man who can get you genuine imported Gold Flake or Three Castles, at a mere dollar the package of ten, will be a social asset. And an entirely fresh category of low-browed citizens, who collect their debts at night by shoving an automatic under the eighth rib of the distributor, will be on the move in high-powered cars towards economic security and the social register.

THE death in England of the Baron Friedrich von Hügel removes from the scene of religious philosophy one of the most venerable spectators of the Catholic revival. Though partly of Scottish descent, he retained not only his German name but also a certain natural affinity with German scholarship and thought. His specialty was the Orient; but his best work was done in the spirit of a reasonable, broad-minded defense of the faith which had been his from youth, and to the service of which he saw a favorite daughter devote herself under the austere rule of St. Teresa. One of the Baron's last acts was to write a circumspect but ringingly honest letter regarding the course of conduct open to the Sâdhu, a remarkable type of Indian Christian mystic who has become an object of much interesting discussion among continental religious thinkers. At the close of this letter, Baron von Hügel placed a postscript which is a singularly complete profession of his own views—

"I WAS at first rather disinclined to call attention to Roman Catholicism; for should it enter the life of the Sâdhu—should he accept the authority of this great Church—complications and obstructions would necessarily ensue . . . and it would be unkind of me, seated so comfortably in my chamber and aloof from conflict, to suggest a path of action which might easily involve one already entered upon an heroic religious career, in serious difficulties. But soon I saw things with a clearer vision. I saw that during the past fifty years it has been my life's purpose to conduct myself scrupulously as a critical historian and uncompromising philosopher of religion; that my allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church cost me more than ten years of intense struggle and wrestling, precisely because, though I needed a large measure of freedom to carry out the task I had proposed to myself, I was beset by temptations to discard all the obligations of authority and seek complete freedom in individual effort; but that, finally, my fidelity to the Church saved me from scepticism and spiritual arrogance, being when rightly understood and practised, completely reconcilable with the healthy freedom necessary to my studies. I am therefore not recommending something, the price of which I do not know. This price is really so great that only a strong faith can pay it. But the reward is great—the greatest a soul can receive, or God by His grace can offer."

THESE words—almost the last—of Baron von Hügel, may fittingly be termed his final conclusion from all the modernist controversy. As a scholar concerned with the most daring flights of contemporary thought, he often found the barriers of Rome flung across a passage which he should have liked to explore. But in the end he saw clearly that his freedom had somehow not really been impaired, and that there is a narrow way, even in thought, which leads to a goal more treasurable than all dreams.

PRESIDENT EBERT

THE passing of Fritz Ebert, first president of the German Republic, must be reckoned an unusually dramatic event. He had come to seem a kind of symbol for his country's attitude toward government and international etiquette. Born in 1871, when the Empire thundered into being, his accession to power was the signal of that Empire's no less thundering collapse. He was a saddler, and the son of a saddler, who found an office-desk where the Kaisers had been enthroned; his was the sword-hand that somehow turned aside from the new Republic the attacks of the Communists on the one hand, and those of the militant monarchists on the other; and he became the barometer of democratic feeling in Germany because, though the Chancellor's dignity might float ominously from one shoulder to another, he clung to his place—or ran with it to safety—like an ever watchful and dependable steward. Yet there was really nothing extraordinary about the man. The professional, religious and scholarly aspects of his personality were veiled in the vagueness of unimportance. He held on

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by reason of his quiet, workaday, unpresumptive character. During the period of the war he stood out as one of the captains of German socialism, though he was scrupulously careful never to protrude farther than his group. He lacked every whit of the rebellious sparkle of Liebknecht, but he lived to see Liebknecht go up in smoke. After the war, when the great debacle swept onward to Berlin, he came to power not because he was the favorite individual, but because he was, in a larger, safer sense than anybody else, the mass. His official life was dignified and utterly honest. Being loyal in the fundamental sense, he was able to merge the majority Socialist program—to which he was dedicated as a matter of course—in what he felt were the larger interests of his country. The Centrist and the Nationalist listened to him. He did stand earnestly for the new Constitution, but proved it chiefly by getting others to stand with him. He did preach the idea of democratic government to a people unfamiliar with it; but his method of preaching was to muster a party majority.

President Ebert, therefore, had some of the solid, sensible virtue of our own George Washington. He knew how to settle a problem by balancing it. The instinct for the golden mean was native to him. No man in our time has come to grips with larger problems, and on the whole none more consistently kept his nerve. Those who happened to be in Germany during the early days of the Republic did not envy Herr Ebert his job. There was an Allied army on the Rhine, and the Bolshevik demon was headed westward. Hunger, unemployment, rabid social impulses—all these were abroad in the land. Perhaps no other people would have passed through such an ordeal as stolidly and successfully as the Germans did. President Ebert succeeded because he was the German people.

Now that he has gone and the official orchestra has played its hymn in the Wilhelmstrasse, we may well wonder what the next tune will be. The Presidential symbol of what was once the "new" Germany is dead. There was even strife round the place where he lay in state. Certain factions have talked once again of the coming of kings. Die Rote Fahne sent its contemptuous bouquet to the "savior of capitalistic domination." The world of tomorrow cannot deal with Fritz Ebert, the saddler President, of Heidelberg. Must it reckon with "Unser Fritz"? Who knows?

THE WORLD COURT

NOTHING is so easy to promote as a cause. With the delivery of thousands of pleading letters addressed to prominent senators, the crackling of oratory in many corners, and a benign sponsorship in several sections of the press, it seems that the Harding-Hughes world court is at last to become a cause. Upon the right and wrong of this venture, argument is sure to wax hotter as the weeks pass. Can we get anything of importance done with the help of this court? Is there no better way to undertake the preventing of war?

These questions call for honest answers. The entire problem of the League of Nations and the court which springs from its bosom has been set on a mystical pedestal by devotees. Well-meaning publicists with money to spend on a hobby drape clouds of incense round the idea until it seems almost sacred enough to venerate—or sufficiently idolatrous to scorn. If the promoters of the Harding-Hughes idea wish to gain the support of the American people, it would be well for them to abandon the crusade attitude and to treat the matter squarely as a practical political problem. For the sake of lucid statement, we shall present these doubts in order.

First—what are the practical advantages to be gained either by us or by the world at large from our entry into this court? We know that it is an off-shoot of the League of Nations, that it can establish no precedent, that it has no power to summon disputants to trial or to enforce a decision, other than the power which lies in the public opinion of nations associated in, or with, the League.

Second—what is the general attitude of Europe towards the importance of this court? Have any major disputes arisen since its establishment, been settled by the tribunal? If so, did these disputes involve the surrender of self-interest by a big power, or did they concern merely the affairs of smaller nations who were morally clubbed into a settlement which they would have been physically clubbed into anyhow?

Third—has there been any tendency on the part of Europe to discover the attitude of American public opinion on tangled continental problems? The answerer to this question should bear in mind that while the major nations associated in the League are our economic debtors, they are not likely to suppose that solvency includes free tuition in the conduct of politics. Is not our influence most effective when it is practical and unhampered? Would the world court be a clog or a spur?

Fourth—do the promoters of the court presume to let the matter rest once we have accepted the idea of Mr. Hughes? Or do they intend to employ it as a wedge in trying to promote the entry of this country into the League itself? This point is of paramount importance.

We do not hold these questions unanswerable; indeed, we shall rejoice to see them all disposed of brilliantly and adequately. But they do most emphatically need answers. If the difficulties spoken of above could be settled to the satisfaction of all, there is apparently little doubt that the people of the United States would support an international tribunal dedicated to the definition of law, to the settlement of difficulties, and to the encouragement of order everywhere.

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SCHOOL LEARNING

THERE is courage in Lord Rothermere's acceptance of a challenge to take such an examination as might be set for a London schoolboy of fourteen years and his offer of a forfeit of £1000 against £200 if he does not pass with a 75 per cent mark. It is forty-two years, it seems, since the noted British newspaper proprietor was at school, so he has had plenty of time to forget what was crammed into his boyish brain. Still, we have little doubt that if the questions are reasonable and the marking fair he will win his wager with credit. The incident is of great interest to everyone; it is calculated to start reflection as to what and how much any of us retain of our school learning; also, and still more important, what and how much we have added to it in the years gone by.

Most likely the ordinary man would be stumped at fifty-six by a sum in cube root and few could demonstrate the pons asinorum. Tables of Kings, or Presidents, with their dates and sundry other conventional tests of fourteen-year-old scholarship might reveal gaps in the adult memory. But all the practical arithmetical skill that went with advanced sums in the school arithmetics, and the significant movements of history which constitute the historic foliage upon the dry twigs and branches of dynastic trees, are pretty sure to be available for response to questions with which the mind of fourteen could not grapple at all.

It is a habit or fad of most men to speak slightingly and regretfully of their days of schoolboydom as if they were thrown away. A little sound thinking should eliminate any such vain pessimism and, incidentally, create more confidence in the work that the boys and girls of today are doing and that their teachers are doing for them. Anyone who searches well his mind will find an astonishing treasure not only of actual knowledge, but of power and system, stored in his brain which dates back to his early school days and the simplest and most elementary of his teachers. In particular, he will find to be foolish the questions he so often asks as to what use some studies, to which he has never recurred in active life, have been to him. Algebra, geometry, the Latin grammar and what not, that are applied neither in the counting-house nor the drawinfi room, are particular subjects for critical questioning. But, in fact, the mental discipline of these sciences is, for all save a few specialists, their lasting potency, and in a sense they have their influence on every judgment formed in mature years and on the language in which it is formulated.

The thing that a majority of men, these days, have most to regret is not any waste of their school days, not any loss of the acquirements then made. The great ground for questioning and too often for repining is the waste of the later years. It is true that almost everyone has added something to the mental store which he took out into active life with him; but in how many cases has the addition been narrow, limited, dry, adding nothing to the joy of life or the outlook of the spirit. The cult of technicality, whether in business or industry or even science, however necessary and often in a sense fine, is but a cramping, hardening experience if it be exclusively pursued to the sacrificing of the beautiful and the spiritual.

We hear denunciations of the tyranny of business; we have appeals from day to day for help for the working folk in getting away from the drudgery of their employments into the realms of music, art and reading; we have laments because so many of the young people lose the instinct and the habit for the higher refuges, of resort to the pleasures of the mind, in the easy reaction of dancing and other physical exercises. There is a growing recognition in this country, at any rate, as the newspapers not infrequently indicate, of a need for calling a majority of people of all social ranks, back to the ways of mental regeneration. There are signs, too, other than the tireless plodding of Chautauqua, that the idea has taken hold of large numbers of the plain people. Inspection of the circulation slips of high-class books in our public libraries shows that they are in more extensive demand than they formerly were.

All this may seem a far cry from Lord Rothermere's trust in his school knowledge; but, in fact, his career and his power as a newspaper critic of public policies which led to the challenge and his acceptance of it, afford an emphatic example of the principle underlying the principle of life which we advocate. He says he left school at fourteen. He is now—whether we agree with his views or not—a leader of public opinion in a great empire of high enlightenment and major force. Plainly, he did not stand still, content with the smattering which was his original mental stock in trade. He must have gone on building and building, and, as he built, making new windows from which to look out on the world, its glories and its problems.

Anyone can do the same thing, perhaps not in the same degree, but substantially and with both profit and immense enjoyment. The profit is obvious. The pleasures of cumulative study open to "the tired business man" such vistas of recreation and self esteem as not all the White Way dazzlements in all the cities of the gay world can furnish forth. The universe of beauty and grandeur, of fine sentiment and noble purpose, is his who will seek it with his soul in books, in art, in nature, in human converse.

A man's days of learning should never stop—nor a woman's, either. Every year should mean a new and advanced class in self development and the expression of latent powers. Herein lies the cure for the personal and community evils that beset the life of the day, its frivolity, its scepticism, its pessimism, its defiance of rule, its materialism, its failure to realize that the spiritual is always worth while and that if one only aims high it is impossible to hit low.

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MODERN MARRIAGE—ITS PROBLEMS

V. THE DELUGE OF DIVORCE

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

THE PRIMARY truth to fix in our minds in considering our marriage débacle is, that as a society—a society outside the pale of authentic Christianity and largely outside the pale of any Christianity, however mutilated—we are living on the capital of our Catholic virtues.

No prudent man draws for current expenses on his capital. Only spendthrifts eat into their principal. But society today is madly spendthrift, and the rate at which it is getting rid of its Christian patrimony is startling. In this respect, modern marriage is making the most appalling inroads—it is, seemingly, the last phase of our matrimonial Rake's Progress.

In an excellent school reader of long ago, a prose selection embodied the anecdote of a young man idling in a row boat down the smooth but deadly current of the Niagara river. From the bank of the stream, there came presently a voice of warning—"Young man! The rapids are below you!" The young man laughed, expressed his thanks, and drifted carelessly on. Farther down stream, a second friendly observer called out, in italics—"Young man! Beware! The rapids are below you!" Again the indifferent laugh and the heedless thanks. The young man continued to drift. By the time a third warning had come from shore—this time in small caps—we youngsters were more exercised than the prospective victim over the situation. Scholars were directed, in class reading, to throw an ascending scale of emphasis into these repeated warnings—and the boys, at any rate, did so. But the young man went over the falls just the same.

It is too late to warn modern marriage that the rapids are below it. Marriage is sweeping down a rapids deadlier than the awesome flow of the Niagara river; and in our own country it is nearer than anywhere else in the world to the brink of the cataract.

There is a reason for this. For though countries like England and Germany threw off the yoke of authentic Christianity 300 years ago, there still exists in European society, a body of Catholic social tradition that acts more than would be supposed as a restraint on this twentieth-century pace which with us has become headlong. We, it must be remembered, lack even a social tradition—we have never possessed one. Socially, we of the United States are the first fruits, the bright, particular English-speaking product of the sixteenth-century theory of Protestantism; this is why we have traveled so much faster than our Catholic-born European neighbors.

To realize the distance we have gone in 200 years, traveling on our original store of Catholic virtues, read—if you are interested—among our colonial wills, among the declarations of political and other offenders made at that time in the face of death, and among the sentiments then expressed by Protestants by kindly Quakers, and by men of no professed religion. They are one and all, more Catholic than much of our professedly Catholic thought of this day. Even a century ago, Protestant wills were still Catholic; today, Catholic wills are virtually Protestant. Catholic thought has ceased to influence us as it subconsciously influenced our forebears. Heated by the strong drink of negation, we have for at least two generations been ready, even eager, to take up anything from social pitch-and-toss to moral manslaughter, and our marriage and divorce records attest how schooled we have become in reckless experiment.

Thus, inevitably, the material we send to the marriage altar has degenerated; indeed, the altar itself has been pretty generally discarded. It is said to take three generations to make a gentleman; certainly, it takes two to make a happy marriage. If there are to be good brides and good grooms, there must be behind them good fathers and good mothers; and our supply of these precious social assets is rapidly diminishing. When all are gone, we shall have need only to open more divorce courts.

The breaking-down process of our marriage material begins today almost with our infants-in-arms. Corruption of word and thought fastens itself on these at what was once nursery age, but nurseries have gone out—there no longer are any nurseries. Against this infantile leprosy there is among us no adequate counteracting influence, unless we except our own confessional and our sacramental discipline; even this finds itself staggered at its task in our neo-pagan atmosphere. At ten and twelve our boys and girls are not only sophisticated, but well down the moral rapids. They feed on the ruinous newspaper, the indecent poster, the salacious movie, and look forward eagerly to the licentious dance and to degenerate fiction. Once through high school, more and more of both the sexes, already mingled, and with modesty a joke and reserve laughed at, become wholly blasé—ready for delinquency, ready for mock marriage, ready for juvenile suicide. What are we to expect from marriage material of this sort? Precisely, I fear, what we get, no more and no less. The object of Christian marriage was to establish a home, and to rear carefully the children with which it might be blessed. Today, children are regarded as a curse and the object of marriage is to have "a good time;" the

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consequences of Christian marriage are shirked and its responsibilities denied. The degenerates who fashion our feminine styles, have gone to the bagnio and robbed it of its specialties, stolen its nakedness and filched its rouge pots for our prospective wives—one no longer says, prospective mothers.

It is with young women so infected, that many of our young men must walk into modern marriage. And it is with worse young men that decent but unfortunate girls of today must mate. I say "unfortunate:" can there be one observer left, so dull as not to perceive that in divorce it is oftener the woman than the man who must pay? The disilluisioned girl whose life modern marriage has blighted by union with an aggressive and undisciplined mate, is the tragedy of society. She is cast off, and her mate left free to seek new victims. Out of this matrimonial welter, springs our daily divorce record. Husbands go before courts to expose the shame of their wives, and it is broadcasted through public prints. There was a day among men, not so long gone, when the destroyer of a home was made to stake his life against his agression. It was not Christian, but it at least connoted a sense of the dignity of the home and the marriage bond that is since wholly lost. A husband nowadays hires agents to trail and expose his domestic dishonor, and to spread it on the records of divorce courts; the modern husband has fallen too low even to shoot. The divorce courts themselves have fallen into contempt, and collusion and perjury are ordinary concomitants of their sordid grind. Thus, we have reared a crop of divorce court habitués who become matrimonial bootleggers. The court lends to their depredations a legalized currency, and like harpies they continue to prey on society and on one another. The old-time "segregated district," existing in defiance of society, has been scattered, under this bootlegging arrangement; it has virtually been taken under society's wing. We cannot change the vile fact, so we change the words that express it. Divorce phraseology covers a multitude of sins once deemed infamous.

Decent-thinking and right-living men and women, both within and without the discipline of real Christianity, stand appalled at these modern marriage conditions. But it is only those within the pale, who realize that they are direct sequences of that plague let loose on Europe in the sixteenth century—that Magna Charta of creedal and moral license, still acclaimed, fondly, the Reformation. It is to that event, and nowhere else, that the moral surgeon must look for the beginning of the breakdown of modern marriage.

Christianity—and no reader of these pages will fail to understand precisely what I mean in using that word—found womankind a creature, and raised the creature to the dignity of womanhood. It did so through Christian marriage; by establishing for the aggressive sex a wholesome restraint, and by pointing to maid and to wife and mother, the highest example of womanhood ever given to this world. Today, we are treated to the phenomenon of this same rescued woman, tearing down the safeguards which Christianity has, after a struggle of centuries, thrown about her. Women are among the most blatant of our advocates of still easier divorce, and of that exemplary degradation of the marriage tie, the infamy of artificial birth control—the step that makes of woman the very scullion of sensuality.

In the present circumstances, I know of no force that even arrests the decline of marriage decency, save the natural virtues; but they are unequal to more than arresting it. There is always a minority of men and women who wish to, and who will, live decently in the different relations of life, though the flagrant example of a profligate majority never tends to increase their number; nor do the natural virtues run very firmly or very long, counter to natural desires. Against these, the discipline of genuine Christianity alone can stand effectively, and, I repeat, even this force finds its hands full. Troubled at the spectacle of society's disintegration, our better men and women are striving for the amendment of our crazy-quilt divorce laws; they are endeavoring to make them uniform. They hardly realize that even in the success of their efforts they would achieve but the feeblest palliative of the difficulty. Men and women cannot be made moral by statute, nor can any statute on divorce reach the collusion and perjury that characterize it. These earnest seekers after the abatement of our marriage evils will go to any length to improve matters, save the only length to which they can go effectively, namely—recognition of the fact that the Catholic Church and it alone is competent to restore to society its birthright of Christian marriage; and that without its sanctions, all efforts at reform are but illusory.

I do not know of any tenable theory that our children today are born into the world with less of natural virtue or with less aptitude for the restraints of age-old Christianity. They certainly ought to be as good material to work on as were the baby pagans of the Roman empire. We have need only to school them in the selfsame Christian doctrines that made saints of Roman boys and girls.

In the salvation of society now, as then, there is for this no substitute—however many words may be devoted to glorifying its antitheses. The world for 300 years has been given its fill of that sort of thing—meantime, woman through modern marriage is dragged back to that couch of the concubine from which Christianity, with so much blood and so many tears, lifted her 2,000 years ago.

And Moloch raises his insolent head only long enough to ask—"What are you going to do about it?"

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OUTLAWING THE ALIEN

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY

WHAT ADULT of the genus Nordic does not recall the exquisite thrill that was his when in childhood he was privileged to pull the pigtail of the Chinese laundryman, or pelt the "Wop" fruit vendor with snowballs? The thrill of those bygone halcyon days was not based on any special dislike of the Chinaman or the Italian, it was simply the gratification of boyhood's inherent barbarism. And it so happened that the "Chink" and the "Wop," being foreigners, were fair game. They couldn't hit back. True, they did occasionally chase their tormentors with strange sounding denunciations. But the wise laundryman and vendor took good care not to catch the puller of pigtails or the thrower of snowballs. Above all, he was careful not to hurt the unchastened young scamps who so richly deserved chastisement. For the Chinaman and the Italian had learned through bitter experience that their small tormentors had big brothers and fathers who were dangerous if members of the family were punished, however justly or however fairly.

It's truism to say that men are simply boys grown older. And, of course, members of Congress (except the Lady from California) are also boys grown up. And that is the explanation, perhaps, of how it happened that on the afternoon of February 10, 1925, the House of Representatives of the Congress of these United States made merry with a pigtail pulling and snowball throwing that—be it said with prayerful thankfulness—has few parallels in legislative history. It was on that afternoon that the House passed H.R. 11796 "to provide for the deportation of certain aliens, and for other purposes."

The bill was euphemistically described as proposing legislation which would authorize deportation of aliens who were guilty of violations of the anti-narcotic and anti-liquor laws of the United States. In reality, as it passed the House, the bill would convey to the immigration authorities the power to deport any alien upon whom their displeasure might chance to fix its capricious self. As will appear hereafter.

To the mind of the ordinary layman, a person is "guilty" of violating a law when he has been duly tried and convicted or when guilt is admitted. But that it seems, is archaic in application to aliens. Guilt is sometimes rather difficult to establish; accusation is much easier. So what could be more simple than the device of substituting accusation for proof of guilt as a reason for deporting an alien? And that is exactly what is done under the provisions of sub-division 10, Section 19 of the Act as passed by the House of Representatives, now before the Senate for approval. Section 19 lists those classes of aliens who may be taken into custody and deported, and in that list subdivision 10 reads as follows—

> An alien who has, after the enactment of the deportation act of 1925, violated or conspired to violate, *whether or not convicted of such violation or conspiracy,* (a) the white slave traffic act or any law amendatory of, supplementary to, or in substitution for, such act; or (b) any statue of the United States prohibiting or regulating the manufacture, possession, sale, exchange, dispensing, giving away, transportation, importation, or exportation of opium, coca leaves or any salt, derivative, or preparation of opium or coca leaves.

Notice the good American phrase, "whether or not convicted of such violation or conspiracy." But if the alien has not been convicted, it may be asked, how can it be determined that he has "violated or conspired to violate, etc.?" That question is naïvely answered a little further along in the proposed law where we read—

"The decision of the Secretary of Labor in every case of deportation under the provisions of this Act or any law or treaty shall be final."

Where could there be found a more perfect exemplification of a quaint old American principle—embodied in a musty obsolescent document—of taking away a man's cherished possessions only after "due process of law?" And if considered in the light of a still more antiquated and currently discredited declaration which said something about men (was it all men?) being created "free and equal," this example of real Americanism becomes more than perfect—over-ripe, so to speak.

Once upon a time there was a principle of government in America which called for separation of the legislative, executive and judicial agencies of government. But such a system has its drawbacks. It doesn't always work to the satisfaction of the legislative and executive branches. The judiciary has an annoying propensity to remember, occasionally, such out-of-date things as "rights." It's much more efficient if all three, or at least two, of these agencies can be combined. There is nothing new about that idea. The Roman emperors had it, the Bourbons had it in France, Charles I followed it to his sorrow in England, Gilbert and Sullivan immortalized it in Pooh-Bah. And, with the able assistance of Congress, the Labor Department of the United States government, may very soon be in a position to exercise both executive and judicial functions in connection with the deportation of aliens—as a matter of fact, the Department practically does so now.

There are some advantages to the system of combined authority. For one thing, an executive who is

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also a judge can be reasonably sure that his decisions in his judicial capacity will sustain his actions in his executive capacity. To be specific, when the Secretary of Labor decides to institute deportation proceedings against an alien, the Secretary can feel reasonably sure that the Secretary's action will be approved when it comes before the Secretary for final decision. He might not feel so secure if his action had to stand the scrutiny of courts. So the obvious solution is to leave the courts out of it.

Of course it should be remembered that the decisions to be rendered by this Prosecutor-Judge may affect only such trivial matters as the alien's property, his family ties, his chance to become an American citizen. Insignificant considerations truly, when they stand in the way of a militant Nordomaniac bureaucracy!

The authors of the Act have disregarded the alleged scriptual injunction and saved their best wine for the last. The concluding section of the Act reads—

"If any provision of this Act, or the application thereof to any person or circumstances, is held invalid, the remainder of the Act, and the application of such provision to other persons or circumstances, shall not be affected thereby."

Take for example, the case of John Smith, alien, who by some legal manoeuvering manages to get into court and challenges the validity of a certain section of the Act. Suppose the court sustains his contention. The next day, another alien challenges the validity of the same section on the same grounds. The first decision must not be considered as a precedent. If the second alien has money and influence enough to get his case before the courts also, he may win his point. But if he doesn't have the money or influence, the Department of Labor may calmly ignore the finding in the first case. So sayeth the Act which has already passed one of the two Houses of the American Congress under the domination of a political party which, in a recent campaign, heralded itself as the one and only annointed defender of the Constitution and, in particular, of the doctrine of the separation of the legislative, executive, and judicial functions of government. But this law would apply only to aliens. Out with them! Pull their pigtails and unlimber the snowball artillery!

SCIENTIFIC SLAVERY

By D. W. FISHER

ONE OF the latest men to be seized by the notion of a scientific civilization is Mr. Wiggam, author of The New Decalogue of Science. In this work, Mr. Wiggam turns his attention to a man whom he calls the statesman. He belabors the modern statesman with a long list of biological threats, warnings and commandments. He has at him with a terrific verbal force. He plies him with insults and insinuations which the ordinary moron might be expected to resent. Mr. Wiggam apparently is no statesman. There is, in fact, little internal evidence in the book that he is a scientist. However, a number of American scientists have given his work an imprimatur, and so he must be one of their fraternity. If he is, the case with American science stands considerably worse than we had supposed.

Mr. Wiggam loudly and earnestly accuses the statesman of wrong-doing in connection with racial purity. He has failed to put into practice the wonder-working theory of eugenics. If the statesman would listen to the latest news from the laboratory concerning eugenics, he could soon put a stop to all the evils—moral, physical and metaphysical—that now blight the existence of man on this earth.

The conception has been heard of before. Plato flirted with it; Nietzsche preached it; Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw at one time played with it, and afterwards gave it up as hopeless. Ten years ago a band of convinced and determined eugenists were operating in England; since the war the force of their attack seems to have been shattered. But now the idea of a new race has found its way to America, and has lodged in the brains of certain scientists, and their agents of publicity. There is little doubt as to the race they have in mind; they want a Nordic race, only bigger and better than ever before. It is the sort of idea to appeal to American enterprise. We may expect to hear more of it in the future.

At one time the human race was doing very well. It was doing very well, so long as it lived in a state of savagery, or in what Mr. Wiggam refers to as the jungle. In that happy day man was exposed to the benign influence of the struggle for existence and natural selection, and he was footing his way up the path of evolution and organic progress. But when man left the jungle he made a great mistake. He abandoned the sound and salutary ethics of the struggle for existence; in the western world, he even fell under the influence of the debilitating notions of Christian conduct. On that day he began to lose his foot-hold on the upward path of organic progress. Man began to slip backwards down the long chute leading to degeneration and destruction.

The situation at the present time is appalling. The great Nordic race is rapidly sinking into a slough of biological impurity and impotence. The plain business of the right-thinking eugenist is to rush to the rescue. He must repair the mistake that was made when man

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turned his back on the sound articles of jungle conduct. He must undo the dastardly work of civilization. In a word, the eugenist must set in motion again the sifting and grinding process by which man once reached a high pinacle of biological excellence. He must speed up evolution; it is now running slowly; in fact, it is running down, or even running backwards.

But you might easily misunderstand Mr. Wiggam. He is not as brutal as he sounds. He has a great liking for the jungle, and the struggle for existence. But Mr. Wiggam is no Nietzsche. He lacks the full measure of hardness preached in the original gospel of the superman. He would not club to death the lower orders of mankind. He would not restore the old régime of natural selection. He would do something else. He would establish a new régime of scientific selection. Nature has ceased to function. Very well; we will take evolution out of the hands of nature, and put it into the hands of science and human artifice.

Let me explain Mr. Wiggam's project more fully, including a few details he neglects to mention. I just said he would put evolution into the hands of the scientist. But that hardly gives a fair picture of what he would do. He would put it into the hands of the statesman. The present scope of government is not broad enough; it will be broadened. A few new departments will be created at Washington. There will be a new Department of Human Weights and Standards. For it is now known that human beings are measurable; they are measurable, weighable, and predictable. There will also be a Department of Selection. Much will depend on this department; in fact, the whole of human destiny.

The new statesman will now do for men and women, what Mr. Burbank has done for artichokes and alligator pears. In this work he will be greatly aided by the new discovery that everything in human life begins and ends with heredity. You may have thought that heredity was important; but in the cosmos of the new statesman it will be all-important. A man inherits everything; his intelligence, his energy, his emotional possibilities, nay, even his inner character. Ideals themselves are passed from father to son in the germ cells with irresistible certainty. This being true, the new statesman will waste no time over half-way measures. He will base his work fairly and squarely on the dogma of salvation by heredity. If he can only generate a race of high protoplasmic excellence, this race will, by the sheer force of its inborn nature, bring forth a civilization of high excellence—perpetual, fool-proof, almost automatic.

Manifestly, the new statesman will want to know just who does and who does not possess the higher protoplasmic excellence. And he will not be long in finding an answer to this question. One of the great discoveries on which the new civilization will be based, is the fact that human beings are measurable; they are, as we said before, measurable, weighable, and predictable. And how? The answer is easy: by intelligence tests, similar to those once used in the United States army. All forms of human worth are closely connected with intelligence; in fact, they are practically the same thing as intelligence. The Commissar of Weights and Standards will examine the citizenry, and will soon detect the desirable and the undesirable citizens. He will measure you with a view to determining your mental, moral, vocational, political, and social standing, and will then classify you as inferior or superior. And when the facts have been ascertained, they will be published. There will be no nonsense about privacy, such as has been heard recently on the subject of income-tax returns.

But much remains to be done. The Commissar of Selection will bring both his intellect and his police power to bear on the situation. The whole matter of children will be taken out of the hands of parents, and put into the hands of scientists. The new statesman will find a way to encourage or even require the superior citizen to leave descendants, and also a way to discourage, even to restrain, the inferior citizen from leaving any descendants. This, briefly, is the way in which the new statesman will expedite evolution.

Now, what is wrong with this picture? Certainly, the Commissar of Weights and Standards will have no easy portfolio. So far as anyone knows, the tests he will apply to the citizenry are able, at the outside, to measure general intelligence, and even that is doubtful. They are certainly not able to measure general excellence, let alone inborn general excellence. The Commissar of Selection will also experience more than a little difficulty. This man is supposed to work with a full knowledge of the fact that all human traits—physical, mental and moral—are handed from father to son with unerring certainty; and also with a full knowledge of the laws by which they are handed on. That is, he is required to know very much more than any existing scientist. The present-day scientist knows a good deal about the way in which specific traits are inherited in plants and animals. He knows, let us grant, that a specific condition called feeble-mindedness is inherited in human beings. But farther than that his knowledge is very limited; it is exceedingly limited as to any laws by which normal human traits are transmitted. In other words, Mr. Wiggam brings a long indictment against the modern statesman for having failed to practise a great discovery; and there is no such discovery. He calls loudly on the statesman to apply a great science; and there is no such science.

And just as one can criticize the biology of this project, one might also criticize its morality. It is not easy to get a clear picture of the eugenic citizen. However, one can make out a few of his characteristics. He has, it seems, something of the old illusion of the superman about success and personal superiority, only nothing of the old sense of mystery and spirituality. The new citizen, I suspect, is little more than the

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modern go-getter, conceived along bigger and more successful lines. His life, I gather, will centre in the worship of efficiency, and especially of biological efficiency.

But I find the chief objection to this project elsewhere. I find it neither in the technique which Mr. Wiggam describes, nor in the outcome which he describes. I find it in the outcome which he does not describe, and apparently does not foresee. The eugenic statesman might have the conscious purpose of conferring on those who are not yet alive an imaginary benefit. But he would have the actual effect of inflicting on those who are alive a real and fatal injury. He might have in his mind the desire to lay the biological foundation of a future civilization. But he would in fact end by destroying what remains of the moral and social foundation of the present civilization. The disease may be bad, as bad as Mr. Wiggam says it is; the remedy would be immeasurably worse. The new statesman brings with him a devastating doctrine. It is a new doctrine of biological predestination. In the world to which Mr. Wiggam looks forward, there is no salvation by works, or even by faith, but only salvation by heredity. Soul, spirit, spiritual activity—all this goes quickly into the discard. Mr. Wiggam has discovered the great doctrine that heredity, and heredity alone, is the maker of men and of history. Out with the belief in freedom. Out with free will; out with human equality; out with reason itself.

The new statesman brings with him still more. He brings a machinery that destroys the fact of freedom. Mr. Wiggam pictures a happy commonwealth; the creation of men who believe the great dogma of irresistible salvation and damnation, according to the merits of a man's inborn protoplasm. This happy place is one where men and women submit to a careful mental, moral and social rating, which is made a matter of public record; where they are mated under state supervision; where they have delegated politics and citizenship to specialists; and where the people are divided into hereditary and inescapable castes. Mr. Wiggam terms this, ironically enough, true liberalism. One wonders why he does not give it its right name, and call it scientific slavery.

Mr. Wiggam has got hold of a small fraction—I should say about one-twentieth—of the truth about human life and history. This is the truth about racial excellence. He would make this minute fraction of the truth the basis of a world-shaking civil and natural reform. And in this day there is, doubtless, much to be done. It is indeed unfortunate that the rich are too selfish to have children, and the intelligentsia too poor to have children. There is, perhaps, need of a wider social vision. But there is hardly any need of the vision set forth in the new decalogue. There is hardly need of the wider sort of social vision which ends only in the total ruin of society.

In all of this Mr. Wiggam means well, doubtless. But perhaps the chief thing such a work does, is to encourage men who do not mean well. There are plenty of men in the land who will welcome his announcement that race is everything, absolutely everything. There are plenty of men who will be pleased to listen to his denunciation of freedom, of responsibility, of popular intelligence, of human equality, and of popular government. Only these men do not harbor any illusions about the true liberalism. They will take up the new biology, not with any obscure purpose of giving men a new freedom, but with a more logical and obvious purpose of depriving them of their old freedom.

Such men, we may imagine, will take considerable interest in Mr. Wiggam's eugenic program. Nothing would please them better than an opportunity to put it into execution. For this is fairly obvious. If the modern masters of science ever discover a way to breed a new race, the modern masters of industry will know how to make use of the discovery. They will use it to breed a race of more efficient cogs in the industrial machine.

FIVE CENTURIES OF PRINTING

By FRANCIS J. WAHLEN

HAARLEM—mother-city of many an American township—the historic "fortified place" in Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic, and now a world-famous centre for Holland's tulip, hyacinth, and daffodil culture—queen-city of the country called "Holland's flower-garden," has seen in the passing year a most remarkable exhibition. Of course, its exquisitely quaint, old-world town hall always has fine art exhibitions of some kind or another. In that architectural gem of Dutch renaissance one can permanently visit the magnificent collection of the works of Frans Hals. What Rembrandt van Ryn is to Amsterdam's art collections, Frans Hals is to Haarlem.

But this exhibition was a truly cultural event of world-wide importance. It showed the development of the art of printing books in the Netherlands, which from the fifteenth century, has probably been of greater importance in the spread and popularizing of all learning—good and bad—between all sorts of people, all classes and nations of the western and American civilization, than any other single factor.

Everybody is supposed to know, of course, that Haarlem, in Holland, was the mother-city of Lawrence

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J. Coster, the reputed first "discoverer," as far as Europe and all western civilization is concerned of the woodcut-letter-types, which, indeed, signify the beginning of the art, or general practice, of printing.

It has been declared that the story of Lawrence Coster's discovery is only a legend. All historic figures have a right to their "legend." Maybe it is only a garbled piece of historic information; but it makes a very human story.

Coster, the pious sexton of Haarlem's Cathedral of St. Bavon, was also a chandler; and from 1438 on, was for many years the keeper of the inn. He had many children, and was accustomed to teach them the alphabet and figures during their walks through the big forest of Haarlem—Coster's imitation of the peripatetic school. Often he would amuse the little ones with letters cut from the bark of the enormous oak trees. For Coster was also a woodblock cutter, and supplemented his income from his cathedral duties with money derived from the then thriving industry of the art of block-letter cutting. One day he fashioned a particularly fine capital A out of the bark of a tree. It fell and left an impression on the soft sand. On picking the letter up, an idea flashed through Coster's brain . . . and the use of loose letter-types instead of woodblocks was discovered!

In the Controversy on the Invention of Printing, given in the Encyclopedia Britannica, mention is made of the principal arguments in this historic German-Dutch invention controversy; and the recent exhibition in Haarlem, of the earliest printed books to be found anywhere in Europe (these being the work of Coster) has again brought the old issue into timely notice. The Encyclopedia states—

> It will be seen . . . that we must attribute the invention of the art of printing with movable cast-metal types (typography) over which a dispute has been waged for more than 400 years, as we attributed it in our former editions, viz., to Laurence Janszoon Coster, of Haarlem, and not to Johann Gutenberg, of Mainz (Mayence). It was in 1499 that Ulrich Zell, printer of the Cologne Chronicle, one of the very earliest forerunners of the modern daily newspaper-press, had publicly started the dispute in Germany itself, by saying that Gutenberg had *improved*, but not *invented* the art of printing. Johann Gutenberg was born at Mainz (Mayence) Rhine province, about 1400. Junius, writing a century later, said that Coster, of Haarlem, invented printing in 1440; and that Johann, his helper, quarreled with him, stole his types and printed with them, after he got back to Mainz. The original discovery, by Coster, tradition has dated between 1424 and 1425.

But long before Coster's books got printed in Haarlem, the "art of writing," of ceaselessly transcribing, illuminating and illustrating manuscript, had reached its period of greatest development, especially through the monasteries and their "schools of scribes." Then, in a primitive fashion, the practice of printing from wooden blocks, or "stamps" (block-printing, or xylography) on silk, cloth, vellum, paper and so forth, made its appearance in Europe. This was not yet printing from sets of movable types; but it was already a great advance on hand-writing. For anyone, with a few simple tools, could now multiply impressions from any woodblock with text, or even pictures, engraved on it. Thus a number of single (paper) leaves, or sheets, with texts or pictures printed on them, could be reproduced in almost the same time that a scribe produced a single copy.

This block-printing (of which fine specimens at the recent exhibition at Haarlem gave a vivid and practical representation) seems to have been practised on cloth, vellum and other stuffs, as early as the twelfth century. And on paper, as far back as the second half of the fourteenth century. In fact, the very dawn of the "news sheets" of the seventeenth century, brought from Haarlem and Amsterdam over to London, in December, 1620, seems to have been forecast by the production of these printed, separate leaves (called "briefs" from "breve scriptum") containing either a picture (or "print," a word already used by Chaucer and in other early English documents) with or without text. In that way were also printed "whole sheets" (two leaves) a number of which, arranged like the written documents and manuscripts were in those days, in quires or gatherings, formed what are called "block-books." Sometimes these were made up half of pictures and half of text; or wholly of text, or "prints." In this fashion a leaf, or sheet, could only be printed on one side; and in some of the Haarlem block-books we find the sides of the leaves on which there is no printing, pasted together, so as to give the work the appearance of an ordinary book.

But the ecclesiastical influence, which alone brought about the invention of printing, really goes back to the twelfth century. And that influence increased greatly with the extraordinary spread of the wealthy Knight Templars and the older monasteries with their liturgical and teaching needs, and after the almost miraculous growth of the two new itinerant Orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis, which were spreading a taste for the Gospels throughout the whole of Christendom. The mediaeval industry of transcribing and copying, came to a climax in the fourteenth century, and produced many laymen wood-engravers, or "form-cutters," organized in guilds, under their patron saints. In 1398 we hear of them in Ulm, in some cities of Flanders and the Netherlands. Between 1420 and 1450, while Coster was practising secretly with his first printing with loose types, the names of "wood-engravers" in Cologne, Mainz, Frankfort and Nuremberg began to be famous. It seems certain, that princes, bishops, wealthy persons, universities, civic corporations and monasteries were generally in possession of sets of woodcut-blocks. When occasion arose they would privately print a set of sheets, for presentation to a friend; or, in the case of famous

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libraries or some of the great monasteries, printing was done for the sale of rare copies to wealthy pilgrims or journeying noblemen.

Such blocks were cut with a knife, on wood, plankwise, as distinct from wood-engravings, which were cut with a burin on the end grain—a much more modern innovation. From the inventory of the well-known bishop of Liège, Jean de Hinsbèrg (1419-1455) and his sister, a nun in the convent of Bethany, near Mechlin, it appears that they possessed "unum instrumentum ad imprimendas scripturas et ymagi," with many printing-blocks and "fourteen other printing stones." These entries would seem to indicate that people in those days purchased blocks of woodcuts, or engraved stones, from the wood and stone-cutters, rather than books made by some printer. Printers formed their guilds much later than did the woodcutters.

A last word should be said of the exhibition at Haarlem where the oldest printed books were shown. In the first place there was, of course, the famous Biblia Pauperum, from the Royal Library at the Hague. This "Bible of the Poor" represents pictorially the life and passion of Christ. There exist ancient manuscripts of this Dutch Bible story, with ecclesiastical commendation, from as early as the second half of the thirteenth century, in some cases beautifully illuminated. The British Museum possesses one of thes rare and richly illuminated manuscripts.

Then there were several copies of the famous Dutch Mirror for Our Salvation, which was really a simplified remodeling of the Biblia Pauperum, written in popular Dutch rhyme-prose, before 1324. This Spieghel onser Behoudenisse represents in forty-five chapters the Bible story of the fall and redemption of man, frequently interwoven with local and popular legends.

Of this work, more than 200 manuscripts, illuminated or without pictures, are known to exist in the great libraries of Europe. Recently it was stated in the American press that there is now one good copy of this Spieghel book in a well-known private collection of rare books in New York. The book, with Dutch and Latin texts, is almost certainly the work of Haarlem's sexton, Lawrence J. Coster; and Junius takes it as a conclusive proof of the truth of the Coster tradition.

LEAVE FROM SCHOOL

By M. A. RATHKYLE

IT IS only two or three years, but it seems a long time ago now. The children then would tell you that the little hill beside the river was so green because there was a war there one time—whether it was the Danes who were beaten or not, they did not know. War and battle were different words for the same thing—something that used to happen in the old far away times that no one remembered.

Then as now there was no want of children in Maggy Mahon's cottage. Though the eldest boy and girl were out earning with a friend of her own, there were six at home still. Maggy liked you to know that if she was a laborer's wife, her grandmother came of farming people. Dick, her husband, was not very stout and was a rover besides; he went from one farmer to another, never staying long in the same work. So it was no wonder if she was a manager, and may be a little hard; she was very hard-working at any rate.

The cottage was really less roomy than the old thatched house they came from, but the acre of land was a great thing, though in the summer when there was nothing left of what grew on it, it seemed a hardship to make up the monthly rent. However, on this hot Sunday in the beginning of August things were well with them, the early potatoes were very good, and Dick had got work in a better place than he ever was in before. Then too, she was able to earn something every week herself. The children, barefoot and very lightly clad, were all out on the grassy side of the road, and some of the little ones were asleep. But Tommy, eldest at home, was very wide awake and talking fast to Mary, the next in age. He was twelve, tall and strong for that; he had a fine red head, with a clear skin, and was very smart and lively. But Mary was small, dark and very quiet.

"No school for six weeks, Molly. Won't we have the sport!" said he.

"My mother will want us to do things," said Mary, who was very slow to let the thought of pleasure near her, but when she did, it took such strong hold of her that disappointment was bitter.

"So we will; we'll do plenty; but we'll have time enough still. We got a show of sticks yesterday and there's no weeds to talk of, so we two will be up the hill tomorra' after mushrooms."

"She'll be at Mrs. Murphy's. One of us must stay with the childher."

"You're out there. Mrs. Murphy won't wash till Tuesday. Her son an' his wife are down an' won't go till the middle of the day. So we'll be off with the bucket that has the hole in it. The fields up there are white. If we get enough to make ketchup me mother will be proud."

"How do you know they're in it?" said Mary; but her face was brightening.

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"Because I heard tell. We'll have a look at the nuts, too, to see when they'll be ripe. The days me mother is out or at the town we'll do airloch, but we'll have many a day. You'll see that it is our times will be in it."

"You're right, Tommy, you're right!" cried Molly, suddenly letting herself be carried away. But now the father, a small, pale-faced man, and the mother, tall, dark and strong, came to the door and called them in to their tea. After a while they came out again; Dick sat on a long log that was got last winter for firing, but was so hard that it turned the edge of the old hatchet, and very few chips were out of it. The children gathered round him, and Maggy leaned over the half door and talked of the news she heard on her way to chapel in the morning.

"Here's Matty Fogarty comin' up the road," she said by and by; so Dick, whose sight was weak, was ready to greet a comfortable looking man of forty who soon drew near, and ask him to take the weight off his feet.

"Thank you kindly—I will," said Matty, coming in and sitting down on the log. "And a fine big little family you have, Mrs. Mahon. God bless 'em! Is this the eldest you have at home? A smart lookin' chap he is too."

"Well, then, he is now," said Maggy, looking pleased. "He's not all out twelve, but he's big an' strong an' very good to do. If he was confirmed I'd have another man."

"But they have leave from school now," said Matty, "that's what brought me. I'm run blind with work; can get no help; all bespoke one where or another. What should I do but sow some late turnips, and there they are in a sod, no one to thin 'em. If I could get a young grabber I'd go down on the two knees to shew him how to do it. The hay not all together, the potatoes and cabbage weedy enough, too, and this weather would soon bring in the harvest. So I said I'd ask you to give me one for while they're out of school."

"What do you say yourself, Tommy?" said the mother.

Tommy said nothing, but the little red spot on his cheek grew darker and darker.

"It would be hard still for him to go away from the young lads," said Dick.

"Mrs. Fogarty has nice little childher," said Maggy. "She'd be a mother to him an' give him a better bit and sup than I could."

Tommy looked from one to the other, and Matty, meeting the dumb appeal in the blue eyes, wavered, but remembering his spoiling crops, he hardened his heart and said—

"She'll do right, you may be sure. I told her I'd have a little chap home with me and bid her have a way for him. I had a great outhand to you that you took Neddy from me after I learning him how to do many a thing."

"It was a friend of me own wanted him," said Maggy, apologetically. "He'd often give us a horse for a day or lend us a thing we wanted. We should oblige him. I know you'd be just as good, but you're far off. Then, when they wanted the boy and girl, 'twas a great thing to have them together, goin' to the one Mass with us, too. We can see them often; they'll be in now when they have the cows milked."

"Well, I'll make it up with you if you give me Tommy till he has to go back to school. He'll be the same with us as if he was our own."

"Do you hear, Tommy?" said the mother. Tommy was looking at Molly, who was sitting in a corner staring straight at him, with her skirt gathered up in one hand, while she worked away with the other as if she were filling the skirt with mushrooms. He turned his eyes on his mother as she spoke. "I must do me mother's bidden'," he thought. That was the one commandment that he understood; other commandments were full of long words, and when you were told what they meant it was in longer words still. But that was plain—"Do your mother's bidding." There was silence for a minute, then Matty spoke.

"Well, I'd be sorry you didn't think well of it. I depended on you. Is this the youngest you have? A fine lump of a boy; he'll be runnin' like a hare ere the winter. Six at home, and six weeks leave from school. If Tommy comes with me for the six weeks, he'll have what will buy a pair of boots apiece for himself an' all the rest of the six to bring back along with him."

Tommy listened, his eyes growing brighter and brighter, and the flush spreading all over his face. Then he laughed aloud, sprung up into the air, smote himself where a pocket should be, and crying—"I'm off, mother," ran out on the road.

"Come back, you onshuk," said she, running after him. "Will you go an' not know the road, in your shirt an' bare head?'

So she took him into the house, and while he put on his jacket and hat she told him how he was to have behavior to Mrs. Fogarty, to please the children, and mind what Matty said to him. Then she hugged him and said he was a good boy, and they went out again. Dick put his hand on his shoulder and told him he wouldn't feel the time till he was back with them, and the children crowded round him, laughing and pulling him about. Only Mary stood still looking at him with woeful dark eyes, and saying under her breath—"I'd rather go barefoot."

"Well, I'm beholden to you," said Matty, standing up. "I'll take care of him an' learn him what 'twill serve him to know. We have a good step, avic, so we may as well start."

So Tommy put his hand into the hand that was held out to him, and the two went together down the road.

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POLICE POWER AND THE STAGE

By ELMER KENYON

THE English prose of the dramatic critic, Stark Young, is admirable when he writes leisurely for a weekly or monthly, but his expression and his thinking in the daily pages of the New York Times are not always distinguished. Something of shallowness seems to us apparent in what has the air of being his definitive judgment about Censoring and the Play in an article appearing on February 22, on the editorial page of the Times, brought forth by the flurry in the press and in the District-Attorney's office in New York over filthy plays. It runs in part as follows:—

> Hypocrisy, greed, lies, these as well as sexual vice are among our sins. But our idea of censorship in the theatre has turned largely on matters of sex . . . Sins against intelligence, honesty, justice, we seem to think, will be able to take care of themselves. But with sex it is different. Sexual sins, we seem to take for granted need a chaperon or they may prove much too engaging and harmful. . . . As the case stands at present, you can put a little skirt over your knees, change a dirty word to one that is blanched or chaste, take out a bed and put in a bookcase, and the play, no matter how full of lies, low-mindedness, alluring villainy and crook morality it may be, will be morally acceptable. But if your ideas do not suit, if the inspectors think your thoughts objectionable, the Grand Jury will get you. In a word, let our democracy have none of such rotten subjects as Dante, Sophocles, Shakespeare and the vile Ibsen concerned themselves with. Filth on our own level, if you like, provided you call it by a name not too unblushing.

This line of argument is, of course, intended to make conservers of public morals look foolish and stupid, but as well meaning men they seem much more practical and conversant with crowd psychology than does Mr. Young.

Let us leave aside, for the moment, the great dramatic artist who in depicting the human passions involves sex in his analysis as does Shakespeare in Othello. The high seriousness and the art of such a play simply keeps it normally aloof from the morbidity and base curiosity that are observed in the audiences attracted by the filth plays under surveillance of the police. The same principle may be applied to a contemporary play like Eugene O'Neill's Desire Under the Elms. If he does not pander to a craving for sex excitement and his seriousness is as high as his art, the reaction of his audiences will not be likely to attract police attention. Even at the Greenwich Village Theatre, at least one audience, though for the most part a superior one, certainly did not show notable intellectual appreciation. Curiously, a novelist who saw the play at an up-town theatre was quoted as follows on the very page on which Mr. Young had philosophized a day earlier:—

> They laughed at all the wrong places and seemed to be looking for nothing except lawlessness and vulgarity and lust. You couldn't help feeling that many seats had been sold to people who are utterly incapable of appreciating any good dramatic art. O'Neill is brutal at times, but he is not intentionally vulgar or obscene, although apparently a certain element of his public believe that he is exactly that, and go to see what the rest of us see as exactly as not less tragic than Euripides or Shakespeare or Shelley.

So practically, Mr. Young is in the clouds, and the police, merely observing the effect upon public morals, are on solid ground.

Coming to Mr. Young's major contention that public protest in America rises more readily out of sex exploitation than out of other sorts of perversion, one may ask—"What of it, and more important still, why?" Surely, one very obvious point to make, is that sex is in a category of human passions all by itself. Does Mr. Young know of any play that because of its lurid treatment of sins other than those of a sexual nature, has ever drawn such emotionally curious crowds as are flocking to the filth plays in New York at this moment?

When Mr. Young says that these plays are too stupid to be harmful, he is again loftily theoretical, for while plays on other themes fail again from sheer stupidity, the sex play succeeds again and again despite it.

This danger Mr. Young seems to care little about and would be more gratified with us if like the Italian audience that he mentions we fought over the philosopical question of illusion and reality.

The comparative wholesomeness of American ways of thought, however naïve, may to other than art for art's sake lovers, be much preferable to the recourse to art as a guiding principle of life on the part of the élite of Italy and France, for their concomitant indifference to moral law inevitably stimulates the ravaging license that smuts the pages of the paper back volumes circulating in the hands of the masses.

Whether we like it or not, modern society not only considers the economic conservation of its members the concern of the state, but in America the tendency apparently applies perceptibly also to public health and morality; and the corruption of either by mercenary exploiters of human cupidity is not, therefore, an impertinent but a rational concern of the agents of the law. By all means let us devise a scheme of avoiding magisterial powers over the stage at the instance of a police magistrate, but in the absence of a suitable instrument for suppression of the contrivers of poison to the soul, the magistrate must function as necessarily as he does in the prosecution of the vendor of poison to the body.

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SONNETS

The Sequoia

Eons have writ their story round my heart
In mystic symbols of the whirling years
Whose centuries of circles, like a chart,
When prone my form lies dank with forest tears—
Shall pristine age reveal to questing seers;
For older I than Hellas' throne of art,
Patrician Rome, or Dido's fabled mart;
Ancient as Babylon, whose glories are

A phantom of the desert; and the spheres
Smile as I vision human vanity,
Whilst they proclaim that each celestial star,
Love-piloted, unites with even a tree
In praise of Him Who writeth near and far
His Authorship of all things else—and me!

CHARLES D. SOUTH.

Sonnet-Measures

The purple pageantry of measured pace;
The ritual of ancient chant and prayer;
The turquoise systole about the base
Of sad Tintagel's cloven castle where
The sea still beats with dead Isolde's heart,
Slow pulsing as she watched for Tristan's sail
Beyond the gulls that kiss the foam and part
Screaming her anguish in their desolate wail;

These are my sonnet-sounds; the breaking sea,
Bronze censers swinging, and majestic tread
To solemn music. Only Love can free
My feet from sonnet-measures, give instead
Song in impulsive cadences like birds,
And find strong wings, new melodies for words.

HARRIET SAMPSON.

The Garden

This is the ground we took to dedicate
With ardent spirits, with our reverent hands;
And now complete each tree and trellis stands,
The young vines grow securely on the gate.
Here we have entered with the dawn, or late
Loitered to feel the moonlight's still commands,
Among the lettuce beds or larkspur wands
And boughs bent low beneath the peaches' weight.

Such is our garden. Yet for love like ours
Unsuited are domestic scenes like these.
We should have watched no sun-dial's hesitant hours,
But stood above the blue, ineffable seas
Against riotous colorings of flowers,
With trailing tails of peacocks in the trees.

MORTON ZABEL.

The Edge of the Pacific

A bright beach glittering in the morning sun,
Between the lofty promontories that stand
Shaggily capped with cypress and the dun
Mass of pines. The long waves on the sand
Fall weary of travelling from their still lagoon
In Java or the plumed Pacific isles,
Urged on by the winds and the insistent moon
Across immensity and its aching miles.

No marvel that, seeing this vast, Balboa ran,
Amazed and shouting, waist-deep in the sea,
His fierce eyes turned to China and Japan
And India hidden in their secrecy,
Beyond those deeps where ships sail on and on
Eager to reach the land of Prester John!

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Out of Darkness

You have become a movement in the dark,
Nearer than wind . . . not evil and not good,
But long remembered as the silver bark
Of poplars I remember from a wood.
Not good nor evil, but more near me, now,
Than aisles of poplars that I loitered in,
Before the dark, with white stars at her brow,
Had made a memory of what these had been.

And it would not be strange, now, when I sleep,
If this long night that presses round me, here,
Should haunt my dreaming with its ghostly keep
Of poplars bending and of you come near,
Out of the darkness, the same silver way,
Remembered in your beauty, even as they.

DAVID MORTON.

If This Old Place

If this old place had held no grief before,
No wild, unchildish woe wept out alone,
Where dirt turns into sand here by the shore
And bushes droop above the marking-stone,
If memory were not wrought of things untender,
Could memory call the heart out of my breast?
O sorrow of a child O dark befriender
By whom my lost comes back, my repossessed!

My far-off golden laughter has no reaping,
My far-off joy had not held these in keeping—
The rock, the road beside the sandy shore;
But grief, once sown, can split the granite portal:
Youth's moment, incorruptible, immortal,
Is rendered back to me forevermore.

MARY KOLARS.

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COMMUNICATIONS

BUILDING THE HOUSE OF GOD

New York City, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In presuming to criticize Mr. Barry Byrne's idea of what a modern Catholic church in the twentieth-century America should and should not be, as expressed in his letter in the February 25 issue of The Commonweal, I fear I have little that is constructive to offer. But before any work of construction can proceed, a certain clearing away of existing débris is often necessary. I should like to point out what I believe to be some of the fallacies in your correspondent's letter, for it seems to me his view of architecture is as narrow as his view of the Catholic religion and its expression and function.

He writes on a topic, steel construction, as subject to varied thought and controversy, as those other prominent twentieth-century Americanisms: Prohibition, birth control, modern industrialism and jazz. When we find the answer to them, the answer to steel skeleton construction will probably follow along naturally and inevitably.

He first speaks of the anachronism in designing modern churches in the styles of the mediaeval buildings. I hold no particular brief for designing churches in the Gothic style, but it seems to me to be no more of an anachronism than the attempt of the renaissance architects to design buildings "in the best manner of the ancients," and it strikes me as somewhat illogical to dub modern interpretations of mediaeval styles anachronisms, but not modern interpretations of the renaissance, classic or Aztec styles. As a matter of fact an architectural anachronism is well nigh an impossibility. No matter how carefully and scrupulously exact in drawing the "labored imitation of mediaeval ideas" may be, there are practically insurmountable obstacles in the way of the executed work partaking of any of the identical qualities of mediaeval buildings. The fundamental obstacle is the difference in our civilization and the consequent different way of doing things, so that, what with the very definite sort of contract drawings required today and modern methods of fabrication, even in "hand-made" parts, to mention only material aspects, the imprint of the twentieth century is as evident in the finished building as the sources of inspiration for the details. There really need be no concern on that score. No building executed in this year of grace, 1925, will ever be mistaken for a product of the thirteenth, fifteenth or fifth centuries, the current blurb of the architectural and decoration magazines notwithstanding.

Mr. Byrne's greater error, I think, is in limiting the necessities of a modern Catholic church to "a practical structure to envelop an assembly . . . for seeing and hearing the celebration of Mass, the grouping of the congregation for instruction within easy voice range of the preacher . . . and ready access to the communion rail." (It resembles an efficiency expert's requirements for an office layout.) I have always looked upon the Catholic church as a tabernacle of Our Lord and the place to worship and glorify God—a place to pray, and, as such, calling for a structure built in the very best and most worthy manner our limited human genius can devise. Surely we of the twentieth century are not going to be so niggardly in our Magnificat as to forego all the arts of ceremonial, music, stained glass, painting, sculpture and architecture, simply because they fall outside the necessities given above, for such, in effect, is what your correspondent would have us do if he is consistent and sincere. I fail utterly to see wherein our modern requirements differ greatly in their real fundamentals from the needs of the Church in the past ages.

He advocates employing the economical methods of steel and reinforced concrete, which have developed in our time, and which enable us to build churches "free of pillars, in a structural way that is natural, and in our time unaffected." The greatest objection to the use of steel construction for Catholic churches is not entirely an objection to steel itself, but rather to the unhuman, unlovely and unspiritual type of structure that must result from building naturally and unaffectedly on the foundation and principle of cheap conmmercialism, for which steel skeleton construction stands.

I seriously question the economy of steel construction for Catholic churches, for while the Catholic Church is a permanent institution, steel construction makes no serious pretense at being permanent—not at least in the same sense that a masonry structure, for example, is permanent. Had Rheims Cathedral been built of steel it would today be a gnarled, twisted mass of rusty beams and angles. Steel construction is cheap—yes, but that it is true economy is certainly debatable. Assuming that steel construction is a natural and unaffected mode of construction for certain purely utilitarian purposes, it is nevertheless a profound expression of the extreme commercialism of our day and age, and while we can in no way entirely keep some such expression from appearing in our Catholic churches, it seems to me that there are modern virtues and attributes which are eminently more worthy of being stressed for expression in our churches than our present greed for excess profits.

But actually, even in utilitarian buildings, steel construction is not natural and unaffected. The primary essentials of a building are matters of area—walls, floors and roofs, whereas structural steel is essentially linear and its use to achieve the enclosing of areas is most unnatural and even more affected. The whole history of steel architecture, from the Woolworth Building to the new Radiator Building near the Public Library in New York, has been an attempt to disguise the fact that the structure was steel. And while we may eventually, as we tend to now, get away from such attempted expression of masonry construction in a steel structure, and while certain interesting and pictorial achievements do result from lofty steel structures, I can conceive of no one ever truly loving them in the same way that real masonry buildings, both ancient and modern, are capable of being truly loved. Analysis usually shows that our delight in modern skyscrapers is in the *view* of them, not in the buildings themselves—a very different thing.

Steel construction is essentially an engineering product, and only succeeded in entering the field of building when architecture was made an adjunct to the offices of the real estate brokers and the mortgage investment houses. Its sole virtue consists in its making possible the erection of cheap buildings, and to hail it as a worthy architectural mode of building churches is, it seems to me, to fail to grasp the fundamental spiritual qualities in both architecture and the Catholic church.

Let us really be frank with ourselves. If the House of God is, in our regard, on the same footing with commercial and industrial buildings, then let us build them in the same way—flat, efficient, colorless and shadowless assembly rooms with large clear plate glass windows, low, flat, white ceilings, dotted

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with the most advertised and efficient type of indirect lighting fixtures. But let us not forget to put plenty of lightning rods projecting above our flat tar and gravel roof—we'll need them when our first efficient, economical and unaffected prayers are sent up to Heaven. If, on the other hand, we do believe the Catholic church to be truly the House of Our Creator, then let us fashion it accordingly—not in the cheapest and most efficient manner, but rather let us give our best in material, design, construction and decoration; and no matter what the material or construction may be, let its use be honest and unaffected. And if conditions are really such that we must use steel construction, and I can conceive of no such conditions ever actually existing, then let us be honest about it and offer our humble structure for what it is, and not in our prideful and boastful way, pretend that what we are doing is the best and most worthy way of building the House of God.

OLIVER REAGAN.

BARRING SACRAMENTAL WINE

Denver, Colo.

TO the Editor:—Your issue of February 25 contained a letter from Seminarius, written from Loretto, Pa., quoting Sabetti-Barrett's Moral Theology on the use of juice freshly pressed from grapes for Mass wine. While fully agreeing with the correctness of his theology—namely that this "new wine" is valid in case of necessity, but gravely illicit if necessity does not exist—I feel that he, and others, should be warned to be very careful about the public use of this doctrine, without proper qualifications, as it has worked tremendous harm in the West. Protestants, hearing it, have often jumped to the conclusion that it would be all right to prohibit the use of fermented wine, inasmuch as Catholics would then use grape juice.

But would they? Not if I am correct, and I claim to be fairly well informed. My own state, Colorado, has, as the nation knows, been fighting for the preservation of Mass wine. I have attended meetings of priests to discuss the problem, and have been told by Bishop J. Henry Tihen what his plans were, should Governor Clarence J. Morley succeeded in procuring the passage of his anti-sacramental wine legislation. In not a single instance have the properly constituted authorities of the Church in Colorado even considered the use of fresh grape juice. Nor, in my opinion, will the Church ever act otherwise, so long as such grave principles as the right of the Church to legislate within her own sphere without the interference of the civil government are also involved.

About ten years ago, Arizona had a difficult fight to preserve Mass wine. According to the late Bishop Granjon of Tucson, it was brought on by Chautauqua lecturing priests who told Protestants that the Church could easily enough permit the use of grape juice for the Mass if fermented wine were prohibited. The good Bishop attacked this as an intolerable assumption, and the universal attitude taken by the Colorado clergy on the same question in their present fight shows that they agree with him.

The Catholic Church is not in the habit of altering her legislation for the sake of simple expediency when principles are involved, and writers who do not present the whole aspect of difficult questions would do better to keep from displaying any part of their learning when great issues are at stake.

To argue that the Church, were the proposed Colorado law to pass, would permit the use of fresh grape juice will no more hold water than it would to declare that, were priests compelled by law to marry, the Church would immediately relieve them from their obligation of chastity. She could; but she would not. The Church could do many things that she does not. The Pope, for instance, could give himself a dispensation to take a wife. But if he happened to be visiting in Colorado or some other American state and the legislature passed a law to compel him to wed, who thinks that he would do so?

I know of one lay editor and one seminarian who have made the mistake of thinking that Rome would easily permit the Colorado clergy to use unfermented grape juice if the Morley bill should pass. But the idea seems not to have entered the head of a single Colorado clergyman, and they are not behind the rest of the country in theological knowledge.

REV. MATTHEW SMITH.
Editor, Denver Catholic Register.

Milwaukee, Wis.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of January 28 you decry the proposed plan of Colorado's new governor to secure amendment of the Prohibition law of the state, forbidding the use of wine for sacramental purposes. You state in this connection that the celebration of the Mass would thus be rendered impossible. In your issue of February 25, Seminarius takes exception to this statement, quoting some authority in support of the position that in case of necessity "non-intoxicating wine" may be used. By "non-intoxicating wine" the writer very apparently means unfermented grape juice. The deductions drawn by Seminarius from the quotations, which he uses, very clearly indicate his ignorance of the meaning of some of the terms used, as well as his total lack of familiarity with the chemical reaction that takes place in all pure juice of the grape immediately after crushing. Seminarius quotes Sabetti-Barrett on the point that "new wine (mustum) or wine recently pressed from mature grapes (ex uvis) is indeed valid matter but gravely illicit." And further, "new wine (mustum) is valid matter, but outside the case of necessity it is gravely illicit." Seminarius apparently concludes from this that new wine or mustum is a non-intoxicant and synonymous with grape juice. This is not the fact. Mustum or "must," as it is called, is the crushed grape and the juice thereof during the first or early stages of fermentation, extending ordinarily over a period of from four weeks to six. This fermentation commences almost immediately after the grape is crushed. In twelve hours we find more than the one-half of 1 percent alcoholic content which, under the Federal Prohibition Act, is now sufficient to render beverage intoxicating.

The proposed Colorado law, therefore, barring the use of wine for sacramental purposes, would, ipso facto, prevent the use of even the new wine or "must" referred to by Seminarius, as soon as the alcoholic content thereof had reached one-half of 1 percent, which would be almost immediately upon crushing. To secure the unfermented juice of the grape which Seminarius believes could be used in cases of necessity (which fact, however, is not borne out by his quotations) it would be necessary for the priest to have a constant supply of fresh grapes on hand throughout the year and to use the juice thereof for the purpose mentioned immediately after pressing.

What is really meant by the author quoted, when he refers to mustum as valid though not licit matter is the juice of the grape before fermentation is entirely completed. A very substantial alcoholic content, however, exists, in "must" a few hours after crushing.

Seminarius next quotes from the same authority on the point

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that wine made from dried grapes is licit "so long as the liquid extracted from them can be recognized by its color, taste and smell as true wine." It is not apparent to the writer, who is fairly conversant with this subject, how wine may be produced from dry grapes without the use of water. How does Seminarius propose to extract juice from a dry grape? Does Seminarius believe that a valid or licit matter for the Holy Sacrifice can be produced by the fermentation of dried grapes, or raisins, water and sugar being added as an inducement thereto? I believe not!

Where Seminarius errs is in the belief that it is possible to produce an unadulterated and, at the same time, unfermented grape juice. For all practical purposes this is impossible. The juice of the grape, immediately upon pressing, by reason of its own inherent properties, commences to ferment unless such fermentation is at once prevented by artificial means. One of these, and the most common in the manufacture of all standard, commercial grape juices on the market today, is the use of sulphates which, when added to the juice, destroys the vegetable matter and halts fermentation. The other is to chill the juice immediately after crushing by refrigeration to a temperature too low to permit fermentation. As soon as this barrier is removed, however, fermentation immediately begins. It would seem, therefore, that unless the adulteration of the juice of the grape by chemical processes is permitted—and this of course cannot be done—it would be physically impossible to produce and preserve for the required period a juice that would escape the proscription of the proposed Colorado law.

The statement contained in The Commonweal of January 28, to the effect that this legislation "would render the celebration of the Mass . . . altogether impossible," is entirely correct.

O. L. O'Boyle.

TOLERANCE AND PROGRESS

Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editor:—In congratulating you and its author upon the publication of Mr. J. R. Knipfing's excellent article, Tolerance and Progress, in your issue of February 25, may I be permitted to call attention to what appear to be certain defects in his reasoning?

His argument rests upon the assumption that intolerance of religious convictions is substantially indentical with intolerance of any other individual idiosyncrasy. Hence he would contend that contemporary society is not substantially superior as regards tolerance to society at any other epoch notably to mediaeval society. For if in the middle ages, society was intolerant of those professing non-Catholic religious convictions, but tolerant (let us say) of racial diversity, nowadays society is tolerant of those who profess no matter what religious opinion, but intolerant (let us say) of racial diversity.

Surely this assumption of the substantial identity of religious intolerancee with other sorts of intolerance deserves more proof than Mr. Knipfing has seen fit to give it. Mr. Knipfing would scarcely argue the identity of social intolerance of crime with social intolerance of racial diversity. No more may he argue the identity of social intolerance of racial diversity with social intolerance of religious convictions.

It would seem then that the most one can affirm in attempting a comparison of the middle ages and the present day, is as follows—if we assume that all forms of social intolerance are bad, then mediaeval society was bad in its religious intolerance, and modern society being free from that evil is superior in that respect to mediaeval society. If further we assume that modern society is intolerant of racial diversity whereas mediaeval society was not then manifestly we must say that modern society is inferior in that respect to mediaeval society.

Meanwhile, it would seem that to establish his case that as regards intolerance, mediaeval and modern society are neither superior nor inferior to one another ("plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose") Mr. Knipfing must establish the following propositions—

(1) All forms of intolerance are identical, so that one form of intolerance characteristic of our times offsets another form characteristic of the middle ages.

(2) All forms of intolerance are either good, or bad. Otherwise there can be no ethical criterion of social intolerance. No society as regards intolerance can be either better or worse than another.

(3) Modern society is intolerant of racial diversity or other individual idiosyncrasies in the identical sense in which mediaeval society was intolerant of religious convictions.

(4) Mediaeval society was tolerant of racial diversity or other individual idiosyncrasies in the identical sense in which modern society is tolerant of religious convictions.

Frankly, I believe Mr. Knipfing will find it difficult to establish any of these propositions.

Summerfield Baldwin.

THE TWENTIETH AMENDMENT

New York City, N. Y.

To the Editor:—In the issue of The Commonweal of March 4 you publish an appeal for ratification of the proposed Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution.

In my opinion, the appeal is without merit as an argument in favor of such Amendment; and the writer, in presuming to say what Congress could or could not do under the Amendment, contradicts the fact, that Congress did pass laws to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment not justified by the wording of the Amendment. Such conditions are not to be lightly brushed aside by the mere say so of any propagandist no matter who he may be.

I hope it is not the policy of your paper to further this appeal. In the Atlantic Monthly for March, Mrs. George Medden Martin clearly shows what this itching for modification of our fundamental law may lead to.

Martin J. Browne.

DEAN INGE ON WINCKELMANN

Philadelphia, Penn.

To the Editor:—In No. 15 of The Commonweal, you quote Dean Inge as saying that Winckelmann, writing from Rome in 1768, prophesied that in half a century there would be neither Pope nor priest in the Eternal City. That the great Winckelmann should have written such a statement from Rome in 1768 is quite incredible, for at that date he had been a convert to the Catholic Church more than ten years. And he certainly died a devout Catholic. Could the Dean substantiate his assertion? I do not believe it.

Rev. Benedict Guldner, S.J.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Ibsen's Wild Duck

OCCASIONALLY, and at all too rare intervals, superb direction and exceptional acting sweep along on the same level with the majestic art of a great playwright and result in a production of extraordinary power and strength. This happened earlier in the season when the Actors' Theatre produced Candida, presenting it in such a fashion as to obscure the philosophic unsoundness of Shaw's theme and to rivet attention on the human, strong and beautiful qualities of the characters themselves and their conflict. The same group has again recreated a masterpiece. Under the direction of Dudley Digges and Clare Eames, the revival of The Wild Duck by Ibsen ranks as one of the most important dramatic events of the season.

In many respects, this is one of the most interesting plays Ibsen ever wrote. He was essentially a dramatist of revolt, stung to a crusading violence by the hypocrisies and intrenched illusions of the life surrounding him. He made it his mission to show people to themselves as they were, to strip off their illusions, to puncture their smug self satisfaction and to offer them as an alternative his own ideals of marriage, candor, feminism and inner freedom. Like so many other crusading idealists his enthusiasm often blinded him to the difference between truth and the appearance of truth. In his determination to destroy false appearances, he often killed the thing itself as well as its distortion, the substance as well as the sham and the hypocrisy. And his philosophic blindness became all the more terrifying because of his consummate mastery of the weapon he employed, the realistic theatre.

In such plays as Ghosts and The Doll's House, he cut so deeply into sham that the living realities beneath also received deep wounds. A sense of his mistake began to pervade him uneasily. He began to realize that the surgeon must learn the difference between the diseased tissue he cuts away and the vital tissue surrounding it. The revelation must have been a bitter disillusionment to him, for in his revulsion of mood, he wrote The Wild Duck as a trenchant and terrible satire on himself—a play in which a well-meaning idealist, finding himself in surroundings of contentment sustained by certain illusions, proceeds clumsily to shatter those illusions in the hope of seeing a finer life rise from the ashes. To his horror and amazement, his claim of the ideal is above the heads of those with whose lives he tampers—so far above, that his efforts result only in the grimmest of tragedies and the suicide of an innocent girl. It is really the story of Ibsen's own lost ideal and his discovery that life has a reality of its own, far perhaps from the ideal, yet not without its strength and beauty and tenderness.

The concrete story with which Ibsen chose to clothe this theme is of Gregers Werle, who discovers that an old college mate of his, Hjalmar Ekdal, has married Gina, who was once the housekeeper and mistress of Gregers's own father. Gregers suspects that Ekdal's fourteen-year-old daughter, Hedvig, is really the daughter of old Werle, and believing that real happiness cannot exist in a home founded on a deceit of this sort, proceeds to tell Hjalmar the truth. In the hero worship which is the accompaniment of Gregers's passionate idealism, he has mistaken the verbose, declamatory, hyper-sensitive Hjalmar for a fellow idealist. To his chagrin, the baloon of Hjalmar's heroics collapses before the grim truth. Instead of founding a new and ideal home on the ruins of his illusion, Hjalmar vacillates between denunciation and abject weakness. Unable to break down the practical common sense of his wife, he vents his fury upon the daughter, orders her from his sight and repudiates her utterly. He is certain that she no longer loves him. Once more, Gregers preaches the ideal. He tells Hedvig that to prove her love for her father, she should sacrifice the thing dearest to her in the world—the wild duck which she keeps as a pet in the garret. Hedvig, bewildered, understanding only vaguely the conflict raging about her, takes the advice too deeply. Seeing herself—apparently—as the source of all her father's chagrin and anger, and being at a sensitive, distraught age, she kills herself instead of the wild duck. In the midst of the ruin he has wrought, Gregers is left to discover that life has a complex reality of its own, not always to be transformed in a day by the "claim of the ideal."

This, then, is Ibsen's own estimate of himself, conscious for the first time of the devastating effects of much of his crusade for supposed truth. But Ibsen has painted a double portrait of himself in this tragedy. In the same house with the Ekdals, lives Dr. Relling, who, by contrast with Gregers, might be called the apostle of the illusion as against the ideal. It is Relling who has helped Hjalmar to think himself destined to become a great inventor. It is Relling who, suspecting the truth, perhaps, of Hedvig's parentage, has thought it best to let Hjalmar cherish the illusion of his happy home. Relling is the realist, perceiving at once the falsity and the usefulness of life's illusions. He is the kind of doctor who would give his patients harmless sugar pills when they feel that only some sort of tangible medicine will cure them. This Relling is also an Ibsen self-portrait, Ibsen in the full reaction of discouragement, groping for a new philosophy to replace his own lost illusion, the "claim of the ideal." To Relling, Gregers is only a young man suffering from "an acute attack of integrity." An artist more detached than Ibsen, one less profoundly enveloped in his own problem, would probably have found somewhere between the two men the real beauty and truth of life—a meeting of the ideal and the real. The tragedy of Hedvig is really the tragedy of the violent conflict in Ibsen's own soul. It reveals more clearly than any of his other works his inability to become a real leader of sound thought. He was like a doctor suffering from acute insomnia trying to tell others how to spend a restful night.

Aside from this, which is certainly its most important aspect, The Wild Duck is a masterpiece of dramatic structure. Every line is part of a beautifully constructed net drawing all the human beings within its reach to the swift and tragic conclusion. The very conflict which Ibsen was undergoing at the time has led him to delineate his characters with unusual sharpness. They become superb material for the actor's interpretive art. In this production, Blanche Yurka as the almost imperturbable Gina, practical and unimaginative, Tom Powers as the overstrained, impetuous Gregers, and Helen Chandler as the elfin adolescent Hedvig are a memorable trio. Rarely in any theatre does one see so perfect a balance of interaction, adjustment and rhythm. Cecil Yapp, as Ekdal's half-witted father, the custodian of the wild duck, brought to bear a wealth

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of delightful apposite detail. Of the entire cast, only Warburton Gamble as Hjalmar seemed at times to lose the sense of the play's unity in a tendency to burlesque his part. His hollowness was too apparent. It would not have deceived even Gregers—and this it must do to make the action hang closely together. In their direction, Miss Eames and Mr. Digges have set a new standard for supremely fine balance and movement. This is not a pleasant play nor one to take too literally. But as an insight into the confused mind of a dramatic genius, it is a masterpiece of self revelation.

The Virgin of Bethulia

HENRI BERNSTEIN took many liberties with the biblical story of Judith when he wrote this play, which Miss Unger has further adapted for the American stage. In this play, Judith yields to Holophernes before acquiring the courage to kill him. This attempt to humanize the story simply removes it at once from all contact with the original inspiration and places it on its own resources as a story of a man, a woman and a rather shadowy "cause." Needless to say, the result is dramatically disastrous. Without the integrity of the biblical story the elaborate stage settings and costumes become no more impressive than a masquerade, and give precisely that mocking sense of unreality and sham. Mr. Morris struggles manfully to give substance to Holophernes's costume of curtain rings and ropes, but his utmost efforts are defeated, not alone by the play itself, but by the amateurishness of Miss Julia Hoyt as Judith. She is undoubtedly trying sincerely to become an actress, but in this performance, the promise of future success is small.

When Choosing Your Plays

Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.
Old English—A fine portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss, with false sentiment dangerously obscuring the real moral.
"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—In which the sub-flapper proves to be astonishingly conservative.
Chauve Souris—Not as good as the previous edition.
Silence—H. B. Warner in a typical reformed crook play.
Candida—Splendid acting of a play in which Bernard Shaw exhibits his unsound philosophy and his sound instincts.
Quarantine—Considerable veneer pasted over an unwholesome comedy.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great, play, which tries to be pacifist, but only succeeds in extolling true glory.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.
Loggerheads—A delightful tragi-comedy of Irish life.
The Dark Angel—A beautifully acted play of atonement and self-sacrifice.
The Student Prince—One of the best of the musical plays.
The Wild Duck—Reviewed above.
The Virgin of Bethulia—Reviewed above.

BOOKS

Roman Converts, by Arnold Lunn. London: Chapman and Hall. $4.80.

IN DISCUSSING in his recent book, Roman Converts, the case of Cardinal Newman, Mr. Arnold Lunn alludes to the attack made upon Newman by Charles Kingsley, as "cruel and coarse," calling it "an ill-digested mass of raw impressions" and "a flood of slander." He notes, however, that Hort characterized Newman's treatment of Kingsley as "un-Christian" and that Dean Inge endorsed Hort's criticism. Mr. Lunn is himself of the opinion that Kingsley "deserved all he got," and that he "was as incapable of understanding Newman's subtle and complex mind as a prize fighter of grasping the Einstein theory"—yet he thinks that had Kingsley "withdrawn unreservedly the personal attack and concentrated on an impersonal criticism of Newman's mental processes, he might have scored a success." He does not approve the attitude of "the Englishman of the bluff Kingsley type" who assumes that "every convert [to Rome] must be either a fool or a knave," and he thinks it prudent to assume that "the more patent objections to the Roman creed have probably not escaped the attention of men who sacrificed a thousand ties of friendship and sentiment to join an alien church."

Mr. Lunn's remarks on the subject of Kingsley have been collected here because, despite the curious inconsistency which they evince, his book makes it clear that "the bluff Kingsley type" is at bottom the national "type" and that, varying degrees of scholarship apart, and with allowance made for variance in individual opinions on theology, Kingsley is really the key to modern English thought on the Catholic Church. Only in the light of Kingsley can one fully understand Dean Inge, and it is no small merit in Mr. Lunn that he sheds considerable light on both—which appears from a brief examination of his book. It is, apparently, his first excursion in the field of theology. From a list of the works "by the same author" printed in Roman Converts, one observes that he has written two novels, two books on the Alps, some Oxford Essays on mountaineering, two treatises on skiing, and a work on Auction Piquet. Roman Converts is the result of an enquiry into the reasons why the Catholic Church still makes converts among intelligent men—"men not inferior in genius and in acuteness of thought to the heretics who remain outside her fold." Mr. Lunn selects five notable converts—Newman, Manning, Tyrrell, Chesterton and Ronald Knox, subjects each to study and criticism, and having done so, "gives it up" so far as he is concerned, explaining in a preliminary chapter—The Problem Stated—why he has been obliged to do so. This chapter is the most interesting in the book, seeing that it fully exhibits Mr. Lunn's own mind, and it will pay us to confine our attention thereto. Limitation of space will permit no more than a brief summary of Mr. Lunn's views, but the reader who knows his Dean Inge will not fail to observe how the lesser light (Mr. Lunn is far inferior to the Dean in this matter) paradoxically illumines the greater, and how both are absorbed in the radiance of Kingsley.

Envisaging the Catholic Church, Mr. Lunn first takes up the argument from natural theology, using as his guide in this case Father Boedder, S.J., a writer in the Stonyhurst Series. He is "reassured" by the proof that God's being is "physically and metaphysically simple;" his "religious fervor" is excited to "white heat" by the distinction between "formally" and "eminently," but he is "discouraged" to learn that "God

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cannot be properly said to be courageous, in which, at least, Father Boedder would seem to have the advantage of him." It is clear, in fact, that to Mr. Lunn the entire subject is a mass of word-spinning, and he leads us to infer that there is something downright un-English in the logical process of distinction, as exemplified therein. That for example, there is any importance in the differences between *univoce, equivoce* and *analogice,* so far as he is concerned, is extremely doubtful; nothing that he says would lead us so to suppose. Passing from the field of mere scholastic argument, he points out that some of Father Boedder's conclusions are "contrary to logic and common sense," and he dismisses in a few words two dogmas by pointing out that they contradict each other, viz.—Divine omniscience and human free will. Nothing that Mr. Lunn says on this point indicates that he is aware of what has been said on it by previous thinkers. He deals with it in bluff downright (English?) fashion, leaving us in doubt which, if either, horn of the dilemma he chooses himself to occupy, but rather suggesting that he rejects both. Coming to the more comfortable field of history, he invites us to ask ourselves whether it is really likely that the Holy Ghost had much to do with some papal elections, or with some of the Councils of the Church—judging, of course, from appearances. Turning then to the "moral argument," he asks whether a divinely guided Church might not have been "expected to proclaim a conception of God nobler and more spiritual than any taught outside her privileged communion," whereas in point of fact "it has been the Church which has taught an obscene conception of God, a conception to which she clung with desperate tenacity until forced to modify her teachings by the indignant protest of an enlightened world." (Reference here is to the doctrine of Hell, and particularly to what Mr. Lunn seems to believe was once, but is no longer, the infallible dogma of the Church on "infant damnation.") The Church (it seems) always claimed and still claims the right to persecute. She must do so "because she cannot repudiate the past, she dare not admit that she has learnt wisdom from the heretic." Where would be her "infallibility?" Yet she has profoundly modified her views if one may judge from the recent book, God and the Supernatural, the "God" of which bears "no recognizable resemblance" to the "God of the mediaeval Church." Even though "conscience and common sense" are revolted "by the Church's teachings today on Hell and Purgatory, she has learned some sense" from modern thinkers. Mr. Lunn thinks that Christians are apt to "forget all that the world owes to unbelief"—Montaigne, Bayle, Beccaria and Voltaire, for example—in the banishment of such cruel ideas. And he plumply asks—"Can we believe that the Church which for centuries taught men to worship a devil disguised as God, is really the one infallible channel through which the Holy Ghost has revealed to mankind the mind of God? That is the problem which we must solve, a problem which is moral rather than intellectual."

After this, a disquisition on Biblical inspiration seems anticlimatic; it is, nevertheless, worth noting in order to observe how simple is Mr. Lunn's reductio ad absurdum of the Church's position on the matter; he concludes with the reflection that "perhaps there would be no merit in faith if Roman Catholic teaching never ran counter to common sense." It was in much this spirit that Mr. Lillyvick passed final judgment on the French language. Finally comes a brief treatment of papal infallibility (in similarly thorough fashion) with a summing up as follows:—"And so when we have convinced ourselves that Roman Catholicism is inconsistent with any rational theory of the universe, that it is irreconcilable with the passionless [sic!] voice of history, the very fact that men of undisputed intellectual powers have yielded to the spell of Rome would seem to show, not that her creed is after all a true solution to the riddle of the universe, but that the sincere Catholics, like the sincere believers in most other creeds, have succeeded in tapping a source of psychic energy which is not of this world, however little they may understand the true nature of that source . . . I at least feel that the fascination of Rome for men who might on every *a priori* ground be expected to dismiss her claims as absurd, can hardly be explained on the assumption that Catholicism is nothing but a lie." And so Mr. Lunn "gives it up"—except for his theory of "psychic energy."

Of course, Dean Inge is not guilty of all the crudities, of all the sophomoric insolences, and of the almost incredible ignorance of the status quaestionis that our authority on Auction Piquet displays—yet, careful analysis of the Dean's views will show that at bottom they differ little from those of Mr. Lunn. Both men, like their illustrious prototype, Kingsley, display that "bluff" downright British dislike and contempt for strict terminology, correct logic, careful distinctions, metaphysical concepts and limiting definitions, which oppose to all such things the simple summary judgments of "sound common sense" and thus settle the matter. Both men, like Kingsley, display an unlimited credulity in (and appetite for) anything, however absurd, illogical and inconsistent it may be, which seems to tell against the Church. All three seem to find no difficulty in supposing their fellows (who believe in the Church) to be guilty of mental dishonesty of a most revolting kind, or else of mental strabismus in a totally incapacitating degree. (In point of fact, this supposition is absolutely characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon Protestant mind, not merely in England but in this country.) The one redeeming thing about it is that those who hold these views seldom synthesize them, are seldom fully conscious of them, and seldom translate them into their logical consequences. Mr. Lunn doubtless, finds no difficulty in dining with a Catholic friend, in trusting a Catholic lawyer or a Catholic doctor or a Catholic plumber—in treating, in short, those whom he really must consider—when he does consider—either moral monsters, mental morons or mystic maniacs, as ordinary human beings. "We are both gentlemen," said Mr. Kingsley to the man whom he accused of defending lying. Not thus your Latin "anti-clerical," whose blasphemy rests au fond on a still surviving faith, and who would smile with bitter contempt on the vagaries of Messrs. Kingsley, Inge and Lunn —and even on the labors of that indefatigable mediaeval cloacist, Mr. G. C. Coulton—knowing that not by such puerile reasoning can the ancient enemy be overthrown! One can easily imagine Renan, for example, amusing himself hugely with Roman Converts, and also Outspoken Essays. None would better appreciate them for what they are!

Great indeed are the qualities of the "Anglo-Saxon" mind, but exact thinking seldom is one of them, where it is a question of metaphysics or theology. It would seem as has been said, that there is something essentially "un-English" in these things.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

Contributions of Science to Religion, by Shailer Mathews. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

THE number and variety of books issuing from the press which deal with the relations between religion and science at least prove the desire to adjust matters between these two important lines of thought, a desire which fifty years ago would

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have been thought futile, not to say impossible, of realization. That this is largely due to the utter breakdown of the old kind of materialism no one can doubt, for, as the editor of this book very truly remarks—"the new conception of matters has ended the old materialism." But when one comes to examine these attempts at reconciliation one finds them following two very different lines. In another article, the writer of this notice endeavored to show that the method of attenuation with the object of bringing religion down to such a minimum as to render it acceptable to Father Ronald Knox's mythical "Jones," was a process which began possibly near the top of the toboggan slide, but had only one possible termination for those not accidentally diverted in their downward course, namely, agnosticism if no worse. Further it may be pointed out that to trim one's sails—to change the metaphor—before one is sure of the quarter in which the wind sits, is a very foolish procedure. Let us consider the case of the so-called chemical elements. From 1661 when Boyle published his Skyptical Chymist until the day of the Curie's discoveries—yesterday in the history of the science of chemistry—it was believed and taught that there were eighty odd substances utterly and ab origine, different from an unconvertible into, one another. If any one doubts that statement let him turn to the ninth issue of the Encyclopedia Britannica, on which the present writer was brought up, and look up the article by Clerk Maxwell on this point, and he will find that very eminent physicist telling the world that "the formation of a molecule is an event not belonging to that order of nature in which we live." And much more to the same effect. Now all this time scholastic philosophy was teaching, through the doctrine of matter and form, that these molecules and elements and so on, were not detached, but all had a common basis and—inferentially at least—that, as the alchemists believed, one of them might be changed into another. Now let us suppose—per impossibile—that the doctrine of matter and form had been a dogma of the Church. It is not and never has been; but, for reasons which cannot be entered into hic et nunc, it is so wrapped up with theological explanations as to come within signalling distance of such a position. Suppose it had been. Imagine the sighs of "Jones," unable to swallow this doctrine and kept out of all religious assotions on its account. Yet all the time scholasticism was right, and science temporarily wrong. A lesson surely not to prophesy until you know. Let us at least be quite sure that science has come—which does not often happen—to an absolute and irrefutable decision before we begin to trouble our minds as to its relations with theological problems. In the book which forms the subject of these considerations there are a number of articles, making up more than three-fourths of its contents, on various scientific topics, all of them interesting and some of them very valuable. Many of them might form little summaries of individual blocks of science in any encyclopedia. Naturally they are uneven and we have been brought back to quite pleasant recollections of our scientific youth by reading one on what is commonly called vitalism.

For we actually find the old crystal theory—dismissed years ago by Quetelet as unthinkable—suggested in spite of the fact that, as Joly has been careful to point out in his highly valuable study of the subject in his Birth-Time of the World—"the growth of the crystal is the result of loss of energy: that of the organism the result of gain of energy;" than which there can hardly be any more fundamental difference. And we are reminded of Buchner's foolish statement that the "brain secretes thought as the liver does bile," when we are told that "life is one of the properties of protoplasm just as truly as its viscosity and specific gravity," which, in so far as it is anything more than a collection of words, holds the same fallacy in the same confusion between the extended and the unextended. Viscosity and specific gravity, like bile, can be measured and estimated; but neither the entelechy (or whatever other name one likes to give it) nor thought. Valuable as many of these articles are we confess that we cannot quite see what some of them are doing in this galley. The effects of science on agriculture, sanitation, medicine are all of them remarkable—no one doubts it. But what precisely the religious nexus is does not seem clear. Of course there is one thought which runs through the book and which, though it is allured to, might have been brought out more forcibly and frequently. That profound thinker, Professor Driesch, in considering the rival solutions of pantheism and theism, especially the blind god—dieu qui se fait—of Bergson, makes a great point of the orderliness of the world and says—"those who regard the thesis of the theory of order as necessary for everything that is or can be, must accept theism and are not allowed to speak of 'dieu qui se fait.'" Now if science teaches one thing more than another; if indeed she does not absolutely repose on the assumed truth of the teaching; it is that this is an orderly universe. From which Driesch's conclusion seems to follow with irresistible logic. Theism is, he says, "any theory according to which the manifoldness of material reality is predetermined in an immaterial way." That at any rate is a conclusion to which these articles point, and needless to say it is a valuable one.

The remaining portion of the book treats of the other side—namely religion, and of that we may at once say that we have found in it much to interest and to stimulate thought. We do not agree with the writer in seeing any other connection between magic and true religion than that of hostility. Magic has always been, as Jevons (if we remember aright) puts it, the relentless enemy of religion. Religion, as Professor Mathews rightly puts it is "the will to conciliate." Magic is a thing of very different character; magic is "the will to enforce." "Do what I want or—Acheronta movbo." There can never have been nor ever will be anything but opposition between these two, however much in popular religions they get entangled with one another, a result of human weakness. Nor do we altogether like his evolutionary treatment of religion, though there is much in it which is perfectly accurate and very suggestive. But again the modern view, in establishing which the American School of Ethnologists, notably Goldenweiser, Lowie and others, have played so important a part, is that the application of this method to anthropological questions leads to false conclusions.

Thus the evolutionary view of marriage, once so popular, which began with promiscuity is today abandoned by all, since it now seems clear that monogamy was the primitive system. Further, the step-ladder from dream to God, constructed by Tyler, now has few if any persons who use it. Its fatal flaw, like that of some other explanations, is that it postulates an initial atheism, or perhaps more accurately, ignorance of God—a thing for which there is no kind of proof whatever. Finally we are brought to the second method of approaching the questions which appear to pend between science and religion; one which is diametrically opposed to the attenuation plan. Religion—let us take our stand on that footing—has its own truths as definite and certain as any which science can bring forward—indeed far more so than 99 percent of her

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hypotheses as opposed to her facts, which latter, do not come into count in this matter at all, since no one meddles with them. These facts and truths of religion can no more be altered nor watered down than the fundamental truths of mathematics, let us say. "Jones" may as well ask us to abandon the idea that two and two make four, or that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, as to ask us to abandon the idea that Jesus Christ is God, was born of a virgin and rose again on the third day.

Hence we cannot imagine the arrival of any new—and true—religion, nor of any new—and true—form of an old religion, and can only rub our eyes with astonishment when we read Professor Mathews's statement that there is emerging "throughout the world, under different names, it is true, but none the less essentially identical, a phase of religion, the nucleus of which is that of the teaching of Jesus." Well may we rub our eyes, for really we have been under the impression that it is now some two thousand years ago since there emerged in the world "a phase of religion, the nucleus of which is that of the teaching of Jesus;" that it has existed ever since as the Catholic Church; and today shows a vigor unpossessed by any of the bodies which have split off from it. The fact is that Protestantism, which Luther planted and Kant watered, based on the idea of private judgment, can never be anything but subjective, and subjectivism must always lead—in its course toward complete and inevitable breakdown—to a nebulosity distressing to those who desire to see the truth clearly and objectively set forth. "Jones" is greatly to be pitied, poor man, but the efforts to relieve that mental indigestion, diagnosed by his describer, are every one of them the plain tokens of the approaching death of the system from which they originate. Thus there is a nebulosity in the constructive side of this book—constructive from the religious point of view, of course—which is inherent in its genesis, and while we deplore that feature we are none the less grateful for the book itself, and for the pleasure which we have had in reading it.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

The Inquisition by Hoffman Nickerson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

THIS work essayed a very difficult task—to open to the modern reader the mind of mediaeval man, so that it may be seen how it was and why it was that he set up such an institution as the Inquisition and upheld it with such grim pertinacity. The answer of old-style history to such queries was that it was because mediaeval man was cruel and ignorant, but that was simply sticking on a label—not finding an explanation. Mediaeval man himself supposed that he was acting with proper severity in intelligent appreciation of social needs. The point to be elucidated is how and why he could think so, and this is the problem to which Mr. Nickerson has addressed his researches.

Historical work of this character involves labor that is peculiarly exacting. To turn out a treatise by compilation and arrangement of the bibliographical material, with judgment of events by the standards of the present time, has been the usual practice of historians, but its results must necessarily be fallacious. The men of the past had only the information of their own times to go upon, and we cannot make even an approach to accuracy in our reckoning of their motives unless we have sufficient knowledge to put ourselves in their place and see things from their point of view. And that means that our standard must be their past and not our present. Their behavior can be understood only when viewed from their own environment. To get anything like a correct appreciation of the ideas and experiences which prompted their activities, investigation must take its start well behind them and work down to their period. Such labor requires large scholarly equipment, special opportunity, robust mental digestion and unflinching candor. Mr. Nickerson brought all these qualifications to his task, which he brought into manageable dimensions by restricting his account of the Inquisition to its beginnings. What he set out to do was not to give a history of the Inquisition, but rather an examination of the forces that brought it into being and shaped its character, and these were well displayed in the Albigensian Crusade, whose particulars he studied on its scene of action in southern France with the cordial aid of local historians and archeologists. The result is a work of striking originality and value, written in such an easy, vital style that it possesses a fascinating narrative interest.

The opening chapter gives an account of the state of the times in which the Inquisition was established. Next comes a chapter making a clear presentation of the complicated history of the Crusade. The theme naturally brings forward for consideration the military science of the period and the account of the epoch-making battle of Muret, in which Count Simon de Montfort routed an army much superior in force to his own, is a fine work of analysis applied to confused and fragmentary data. The elucidation of the subject is assisted by carefully drawn maps. The chapter on the Mendicant Orders and the Inquisition really makes intelligible the nature and work of that institution—and that is saying a great deal.

The author frankly divulges the fact that he was led to make his study of the Inquisition by his experience, while a member of the New York Legislature, of like tendencies in our own times. He has therefore appended to his study an epilogue on Prohibition, in which he exposes its essential nature as an interference with politics by sectarian religion. His treatment of this hot theme is thorough in character and extensive in its range. The work, which was first published in Great Britain, contains a striking preface contributed by Hilaire Belloc, which is virtually an essay on the present state of historical study—a pungent and stimulating statement of the case.

HENRY JONES FORD.

The Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics, selected and arranged by Lawrence Binyon. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

IF it "would have increased the material beyond manageable scope—to have included selections from the poets of the overseas dominions—to say nothing of America"—it might equally well have seemed appropriate to Mr. Binyon to select a less ambitious title for his anthology than that of Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics. The original Golden Treasury of 1861 excluded the chief Victorian poets living at the time, and from its pages all acknowledgment of the existence of such a thing as American poetry.

The narrowed scope of this excellent early volume has not materially interfered with its acceptance in the United States, but it seems that the time has come when a sequel, arranged in the same insular manner, should be questioned overseas, especially when the scope of the present volume is seen to contain many selections from the British poets living today.

The Golden Treasury is considered to be the repertory of the essential English poetry of our time, and yet one must wonder at any other limitation assumed by its British editor

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except poetical excellence, when he can include poetry of a quality ranging from the best to the very mediocre within his national limitation.

One does not feel that the "certain condescension" is altogether absent from a book that excludes Americans so well known in England as Louise Imogen Guiney and Ezra Pound; and poets of such true quality as Edwin Arlington Robinson and Robert Frost; and assumes to vindicate such a title as Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics.

The interest in poetry and poetical culture in America is all too little regarded by these easy collectors of home poetry —there was a list published by C. F. Warren in the London Athenaeum some thirty-four years ago which might open a window for light into not a few literary sanctums in London. Mr. Warren, in writing of the English versions made of the great hymn, Dies Irae noted that there had been as many as eighty-seven made in England, and ninety-two in America. The list during succeeding years would be not the less interesting for comparison. The inference regarding literary culture and diffusion is direct—regarding original poetry, the indirect inference may be left to the reader.

THOMAS WALSH.

Weber and Fields, by Felix Isman. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

THE story of Weber and Fields, "born in the ghetto, raised in the slums" and risen through the sheer merit of their performance to a topmost place in the story of music hall America, brings back many pleasant memories of the 'seventies and 'eighties in New York.

It was a distinguished period in theatrical life: the headlines were busy with such names as Fanny Davenport, Charles Coghlan, Clara Morris, Lotta Crabtree, Dion Boucicault, Lawrence Barrett, and Edwin Booth. Harrigan and Hart and Tony Pastor were the most famous dispensers of merriment in these days before Giroflé-Girofla, Wang, Erminie and Robin Hood had prepared the way for modern burlesque as we know it now. The stage was rich in personalities of all kinds. P. T. Barnum was industrious in finding and manufacturing the Wooly Horses of the Rockies, the Zip the What-Is-Its, the bearded ladies, the Jo-Jo-s and the India-Rubber-Men.

Out of such a world emerged Weber and Fields, and Mr. Isman's book is very valuable to a student of the stage in the numerous references to the leading theatrical figures of these vanished days. It must be confessed that many of the Weber-Fieldian humors do not carry so well across the printed lines as over the footlights—their inimitable personalities are sadly missing, so that these texts are not a fair presentment of the old-time acts. It is interesting however, to read that "the first real custard pie thrown on any stage" was merely a substitute for a glass of wine hurled by the heroine in Con Curers (a burlesque on The Conquerors.) In another scene, De Wolfe Hopper is introduced as a Wall Street magnate.

"What is a magnate?" Lew asked.

"Something that eats holes in cheeses," Joe explained.

These were considered broad humors in that older time, more thoroughly theatric, more human, cleaner and individual than our diluted absurdities of today. It was a great period in the minds of folk now in their fifties and sixties—who will remember, however, the sighs their own predecessors used to heave over the Kembles, Forests, Boroughs and McCulloughs of a still older age.

T. C.

BRIEFER MENTION

El Marquesito de Arenales, by Santiago Montoto. Sevilla, Spain.

MANY writers have essayed to tell of the delights and dark shadows of Andalusian life, but it still remained for Mr. Santiago Montoto, a native Sevillano of the old stock, to present us with a charming novel of the manners and customs of his exquisite home city. The miniature quality of life in the Andalusian capital will strike the reader from the start: the sun and the fiesta, the daily romance and the peculiar simple elegance of aristocratic character bring back tears of memory to the eyes that have lingered on the scene of these lovely old parks and storied streets and towers. The familiar names, the trembling little street-songs, the local references, are all the work of a connoisseur of Seville and her poetry. The novel is evidently the first work in fiction of a hand that is expert in other literary forms. It reveals real gifts for success in this genre and in itself it represents already an actual achievement with the promise of broader, greater effects for the future. In the mass of Spanish publications that begin to reach us through the translator it is too sad that we do not find more often such refined and noble expression of life in Spain as that we can gather from Mr. Montoto's excellent Marquesito de Arenales.

Safeguarding Children's Nerves, by James J. Walsh and John A. Foote. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Company. $2.00.

THE fine public service of Dr. Foote and Dr. Walsh in awakening our people to the inherent dangers of neglected nerves, especially in children, has called for a commendation from Herbert Hoover and from all who are interested in the problem of education in its connection with hygiene. The prevalence among the well-educated of that old-fashioned hysteria, which in war-time gained the name of shell shock, was something of a surprise to medical observers who were at the same time so well impressed by the strength and fitness in a physical way shown in the same great crisis. It left the lesson on the mind of the physician that there was a branch of his profession that had been somewhat neglected in his studies and practice. In the pages of Safeguarding Children's Nerves, are to be found discussions on the spoiled, misunderstood and different children, backward children and defective children. The authors have remembered Francis Thompson's phrase—"It is so tiring to stoop to the child, so much easier to lift the child up to you," and make a general protest against the forcing and destruction of childhood that is involved in all too many systems of education.

God Within Us, by Raoul Plus. Translated by Edith Cowell. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.00.

MISS COWELL has done into excellent English a really valuable book on the soul in its intimacy with God, by Father Raoul Plus, the French Jesuit, under the title of God Within Us. This work in its French original has received the commendations of the spiritual experts, and its highly practical character may be estimated in the little chapters that describe the history of soul-conquest in God under the three stages:—Myself Alone, He and I, and He Alone.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"I am going to Chicago," remarked Dr. Angelicus, definitively to a startled group about the fireplace.

"Why Chicago?" asked the Editor, who was the first to recover his aplomb. "The Inauguration is to be held in Washington, as usual, I understand."

"I'm not going to the Inauguration," replied Angelicus. "It is Chicago that calls me—Chicago!"

Silence followed the extraordinary statement. A silence which Dr. Angelicus felt called upon to relieve:

"The newspapers announce," he said, "that a male charm school with weekly marriage classes devoted to the study of love, courtship and wedded bliss, is the latest addition to the night course curriculum of the Chicago Y. M. C. A. The enrollment numbers upwards of a hundred marriage candidates, ranging from flaming youth to bald-pated middle-age. Dr. John H. Williams, Chicago pastor, is in charge of the connubial felicity class. It is up to the ladies to do the proposing, Dr. Williams believes. He thinks men are becoming too dull and selfish to be sufficiently alluring during courtship. 'The man is usually so callous and impersonal during courtship that the girl wonders what he'll be after marriage,' the pastor declared in one of his lectures. 'Women are not to be blamed if they are afraid to take the risk of marriage.' Some of us must look into this question before we trust ourselves again in public society. I leave today on the Twentieth Century: you will not see me until I return with the new Tables of the Law."

"Would you become our Veiled Prophet, Doctor?" asked Miss Anonymuncule, persistently mystical in her interpretations.

"I shall wash the coal-dust from my face before leaving the parlor-car," said the simple old gentleman, ignoring her Scriptural allusion.

"But you will bring us the message clear and un-Bowdlerized from the felicity class, I hope," added Primus Criticus, winding his finger through his heavy watch-chain. "You have hardly time to prepare your luggage if you would catch the train."

"My luggage is my walking stick," declared Angelicus almost peevishly. "The hotel supplies my bathrobe and slippers as well as the hot water. Let me have a copy of The Commonweal to take with me into the club-car. I trust I shall arrive before the dancing begins at the Felicity Class, as I have a few extracts from Plato that I wish to interpret for them."

"Bon voyage, Doctor," cried several voices, as Titivillus appeared at the door with the Doctor's soft black sombrero and walking stick of black-thorn—

"Hasta luego," he grumbled as he hurried forth.

* * *

"I think I shall take up religion," yawned Hereticus, who prides himself on being an experimental explorer of all that life has to offer.

"And why?" we inquired, dropping the Saturday editions of the Argus and the Booster and gazing curiously on our fellow club member.

"For a new thrill," he replied. "I have tried everything else—art, intellectualism, adventure, politics and pleasure. Tomorrow, for a change, I think I shall go to church."

"What church?"

"I don't know as yet. If you will be so good as to hand me over the Argus, I shall be able to determine that in a moment."

He took the Argus from my hand, starting to turn the pages.

"Ah, here we are—Religious Notices. And what have we below? Eh—what?"—Hereticus registered profoundest astonishment—"Here's the Church of the Profitable Hour—New Thought—Dr. Henry Hiccup preaching—In Tune With Deity; or Harmonic Relations That $pell $ucce$$—H-m-m-m."

"I beg your pardon," Criticus interrupted, "aren't you on the financial page?"

"No, not at all. I'm under the Religious Notices—R—E—L—I—G—I—O—U—S—can't mistake that, can you? But maybe the make-up man made an error . . . Well, we'll try again. Here's the Church of the Simple Science—Longevity and Obedience—Can One Live to Be 100 Merely by Obeying One's Parents? Does God Really Want Us to Die? Rejuvenation Through Faith and Good Works! How to Live Past the Century Mark by Keeping in Tune with the Infinite and Drinking Butter Milk."

"Who is the preacher?" somebody inquired—"the Reverend Kernarr MacFaddey?"

"It doesn't say. But I'll be hanged if I'll go there tomorrow. When I go to church, I want to go to Church! . . . Well, well, here's something that sounds like it—Vespers! . . . But goodness me, it says Literary Vespers—at the Ritz-Biltmore—Readings from Browning—Oscar Wilde's De Profundis—Interpretative Dancing!"

Again taking up his paper, Hereticus answered himself by reading in a loud monotone each of the ecclesiastical advertisements as they met his eye. "Church of the Reincarnation—Morning Services at the Folies-Bergères—Coloratura Soprano Solo—Dr. Freud Browbeater will lecture on The Menagerie in Me; or Wild Animals I Have Been . . . Reverend Simeon Dollahbil—at the Blue Room of the Bullmore—The High Finance; or Why Should God Be on the Outs with Mammon? . . . Chapel of the Leaping Table Sunday Seance at the Pink Room of the Plutocracy. Lord Northcliffe on The Journalism of the Spheres, or Some Scrubwomen I Have not Haunted . . . Everybody's Chapel—Special Sermon Program—America and the Balkans—Dr. Mustapha Feda of the Turkish Embassy; Safety Week and Civic Virtue—Alderman Horatio Windcoop; The Race of Life, Mr. Panurmi Ray . . . Acrobats—Sacred Dancing—Holy Pictures from Hollywood—Refreshments! . . . Water, water everywhere," (Friend Hereticus threw up his hands in disgust) "and not a drop to drink!" Ads. of religion everywhere, but never a place to worship!

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